

Set the Ball a-Rolling! "Death Notch, the Destroyer," Oil Coomes' Masterpiece, Next Week!

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TERMS IN ADVANCE

No. 135.

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE.

The April sky was clouded o'er,
The storm-kings sang his merriest glee,
The crystal rain-drops swiftly fell,
Like gems from heaven's cloud-canopy;
The grand old trees stood silently,
Valled in a shadow—dusky hue,
Like weird, enveloped worshippers,
Who fore a shrine for pardon sued.

My prattling child stood by my knee,
Viewing with me the changing sky;
Thought lit her pearly baby brow,
And nestled in her upturned eye.
Lo, as we gazed, the storm had ceased,
And glorious sunlight robed our world;
Fleecy, with silvery clouds appeared,
And heaven's insignia seemed unfurled.

Softly the little wonderer spoke:
"Mamma, did God send that big rain
To wash the clouds' black faces off,
Making them shine so bright again?"
I scarce could answer, for that thought
Seemed strangely beautiful to me;
Reflection hidden in its depths,
Bent with a pure simplicity.

Thought, after thought rushed through my mind,
I pondered, we could lessons learn
From infant lips; those childish words
With truth and promise seemed to burn.
Our blackest sorrows oftentimes turn
To blessings bright, whose mystery
Embathes with light the passing clouds,
Whose advent forms life's history.

Madame Durand's Protégés;

OR,

THE FATEFUL LEGACY.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S DE-
CEIT," "ADRIA THE ADOPTED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A DURAND PORTRAIT.

MADAME's ebony stick tapped across the paved court, and her high-heeled boots clicked an accompanying sound. She stooped over where heliotrope tangled with cypress-vine, and plucked a sprig of the fragrant purple bloom.

Love of flowers was madame's grand passion, and she placed the spray of heliotrope tenderly in the lace of her bodice.

"Cypress I'll have none of," she said, passing her wrinkled hands over the tangled mass of tendrils. "Cypress is the type of death, and I shudder at the thought of death. Bah! I know well that all superstition is folly; it is silly this fancy of mine that the shadow of the dark valley menaces me."

"It was that meddlesome Thancroft put the notion in my brain through so persistent urging on the subject of my will. What can it be to him—is it not more vital to me, I wonder? But there's plenty of time for that—plenty of time."

"My lawyer friend grows troublesome when he becomes importunate; he is insolent when he openly reproaches me for what he calls neglect of duty, forgetfulness of natural ties. It is convenient, this utter absence of heart-feeling; it is well that I tore wounded affection out when it was bleeding from its fresh hurt. Some people petrify their hearts and carry a stone instead, but not Madame Durand, oh, no!"

"I turn my attention to my digestion; I get rid of my bile, and am happy. Melancholy, morbidness, unhappiness, all a disease; I wonder that people don't discover the philosophy of healthy existence and be done with distressing passions."

"That Thancroft, now! What right has he to let his conscience trouble him for other people's faults. The idea of a lawyer having a conscience is ridiculous, and his application of it still more so. And yet he does not anger me as another would by his unwarranted interference. I wonder what he would say if he knew that the new whim he is so indignant over chances to be my way of effecting the justice he is so urgent to enforce upon me?"

Madame chuckled softly, and went her way up the piazza steps.

A glass door from the drawing-room opened upon the piazza, but madame saw fit to take a roundabout way through a little ante-room at the side. She came in so softly, too, despite the high heels and the stick that could make such a clatter at times, that Milly Ross, in the act of rescuing some small article from the stained and polished oaken floor, looked up, with a visible start.

"Nervous, Milly?" asked madame, in her quick, domineering way. "Take care; take valerian. I'm opposed to nerves; there's no sense in being troubled with them, and I'll not have people with weak nerves about me. What's that?"

"Only a glove that was dropped; it belongs to one of the young gentlemen, I think."

"Humph, humph! Primrose kid, with the scent of violets. Lucian Ware's, of course. Problem: how many pairs of the same sort can he sport on an allowance of a hundred a year and the trifle over he may earn at clerk's copying?—and he's not partial to that either, according to Mr. Thancroft's account. 'What brand, Milly—Alexandre?'"

"Louvre, madame."

"Good taste, but expensive."

Madame chuckled and raised her stick, as though she would have twirled the primrose kid upon its end, but, changing her mind, lowered it again.

"The young ladies, Milly—have they come down?"

"They are dressed, and waiting for your summons."



"Oh, she is dead! she is dead!" shrieked Fay, and straightway relapsed into hysteria.

"Is Erne here?"
"Yes, madame."

"Then call down Miss Durand and Miss St. Orme."

Madame went briskly on into the room where the gentlemen were waiting. Milly Ross fumbled the glove she still held, and glanced doubtfully after her odd old mistress.

"Such a turn as she gave me coming sudden like that," she whispered. "I'm all a-tremble for it. Seemed as though her eyes saw straight through me, and the glove, too; I certainly thought she knew."

Milly's thin fingers groping in the recesses of the glove drew out a strip of rustling white paper, with a few words scrawled upon it. It seemed that the glove had been dropped with a purpose which this pale maid of madame's fully understood.

She went slowly back to the circular hall and up the winding stair to announce madame's desire to the two young girls.

Mirabel stood by the sitting-room window, watching the shadows as they stole darkly between the rows of the orchards. Fay twisted her ringlets and admired herself before the short, wide mirror inclined above the mantelpiece.

"I began to despair of madame's ever wanting us," she said, with a half-pout, "and I never look so well when I'm kept waiting in toilette. How do I appear, Ross? I've been waiting for a compliment from Miss Durand for half an hour, and I know I merit one, for I made it a study to look my sweetest. Now, tell me, did you ever see any one half so pretty in this horrible wilderness?"

"We have some that claim to be beauties even here, Miss," returned Ross. "None prettier than you, though, I'm bound to say."

"Oh, then we're not quite shut away from all the world? I'm glad to know that. Now, Miss Durand, it's your turn to tell what you think of me!"

Mirabel looked at her with a grave, critical face, but with an amused gleam in her great dusky eyes.

"It doesn't always answer to be candid," she said, with an air of half-doubt.

"But I want you to be. I love to have people admire me."

"That is just it, Miss St. Orme. I can't truthfully declare that I admire you to any positive degree. I have a very discriminating taste, and you are by no means perfect according to my judgment. At first glance you appear to be a very pretty little boy, but an attempt to analyze your style brings out numberless defects."

"In the first place, your hair is too yellow, and has too many kinks and crinkles in it to please my taste."

"Golden—everybody says it is the true golden shade," interrupted Fay. "And it curls beautifully."

"You have a very tolerable figure to be so tiny," Mirabel went on, composedly. "Your features are scarcely regular, your nose is actually a little retroussée, your mouth is a trifle too small, and it's so crooked—"

"Crooked! It's a perfect curve," cried Fay, indignantly.

"Then your complexion is so vividly red and white. You are decidedly plump; you have creases in your shoulders, and your eyes are green where they should have been gray."

"Beryl, Miss Durand; and a very unusual shade, I assure you. I should say that you are ill-natured and envious, but I see you are only trying to quiz me by finding fault. Think of having my dimples called creases, or to slur over the 'lily and rose' of my complexion as you have done! I'm quite sure none of my admirers would recognize me by your description. Now, I'm going to return good for evil, Miss Durand. You are splendid—superb! You do well to affect entire simplicity of dress, for it seems to enhance your natural attractions. I believe that shabby black silk would look absolutely dowdyish on any one else, but you couldn't be anything but queenly if you tried. Still I should have thought you would wear something better, considering that it is our first appearance, and Ross hinted that there are to be gentlemen, too."

"It is my best," said Mirabel, smiling at the little malice of the transparent artifice.

"You don't say! Why, I have any number as good as this one. You see, uncle

St. Orme was very particular that I should be well-dressed, and when I wanted any thing new I had only to spill wine or get a grease-spot on my latest. I was careful, too, that the soiled spot shouldn't interfere with making over, so I have a plentiful wardrobe. You see what a little good management does."

Mirabel laughed.

"I thought you were a little hypocrite, and now I know it," said she.

"You are so horribly outspoken," pouted Fay; "but then I suppose you know it becomes you. Now I can say disagreeable things, but I have to make believe I don't mean them when I want to be charming."

"Beg pardon!" interrupted Milly Ross, stoically. "I'm afraid madame will think you long coming."

"What a bugbear madame must be," said Fay, shrugging her bare shoulders, then wheeled suddenly around upon the maid.

"You, Milly Ross, madame hasn't ordered you to report our conversations to her, has she? You're not to tell her all you happen to hear, I hope?"

"Not if I care to keep my ears cool," returned Ross, dryly. "Madame is too wise to have tattlers about her."

"Very considerate of madame, I say. Just lead the way then, and you, Miss Durand, give me your arm down that horrid stair."

They entered the drawing-room, still arm in arm, for Fay had so maneuvered, knowing that their differing styles would act as a foil one to the other.

The two young men bowed low as they were presented, and remained standing for a moment, passing commonplaces, until the gong sounded.

Lucian Ware stepped quickly forward and tendered his arm to Madame Durand. Madame liked attention, and Lucian was never too much absorbed to remember self-interest.

"Age before beauty, and at a sacrifice," said she, tapping him lightly with her fan and nodding her head toward the two beautiful girls.

"It is no sacrifice when they both go to-

gether, madame," returned the young man, gallantly.

No hostess could be more charming than the madame when she was so disposed. This night she was the embodiment of amiability, and her sprightly bonmots seemed to verify her pet idiosyncrasy that cheerfulness and a good digestion are inseparable.

Mr. Thancroft, won over by the stuffed goose, relaxed the constrained official manner which always made its appearance with any thing causing him displeasure.

Erne Valere, with Fay at his side, said little; but his glance rested upon her, expressing admiration, and he listened to her light chatter in a maze that did not let him dip beneath the sparkling surface of the moment's enjoyment so vividly real to him just then. He seemed to have been transported into a brighter atmosphere since the door had opened to admit the two girls side by side. But it was Fay's form that delighted his eye, and Fay's voice made music in his ear even when he addressed himself in ordinary way to others about him.

He had been thrown but little into the society of women; he had known nothing of their gentler influence. Madame's capricious patronage came nearest to womanly tenderness that he had felt in all his life, and dazzling Fay St. Orme came like a bewildering vision, taking him at the disadvantage of total inexperience and a romantic belief in all the womanly virtues with which poets have endowed the sex.

She was, as she expressed it, looking her "sweetest." She wore a *glace* silk of a rose tint that took the light with a wondrous sheen. Her pearl-white shoulders were bare, and her glittering hair fell in a bright cascade, with no other adornment than a cluster of rose-geranium leaves of new, tender growth.

Mirabel had been allotted to the lawyer's charge, and was calmly indifferent to the fact that the goose held precedence in his mind.

They went back to the parlor when dinner was over. Lights were brought in as daylight faded, and the curtains dropped as the moon climbed slowly up.

"I don't like moonshine," said madame, "and night-dews are unhealthy. Moonshine and romance, dew-distilled and sore throats, aren't according to my programme. I hope you young people aren't foolish enough to prefer them."

"Certainly not the consequences," laughed Ware.

"I always doted on moonlight," said Fay, sweetly. "But of course madame is the wisest."

"That's right, young lady," nodded madame, approvingly. "You'll do well if you never assert your will ahead of the judgment of wiser people."

"I'm such an inexperienced little thing," cooed Fay, crossing the room to drop on an ottoman at madame's feet. "I do hope you'll advise me. I want to please you, Madame Durand, and I'm so apt to do foolish things of myself."

"That's all very well, Miss St. Orme," said madame, with a chuckle. "You wouldn't be here, let me assure you, if I didn't mean to give you the benefit of my individual views."

"It's so kind of you."

"Oh, very kind!" Madame's sarcastic inflex conveyed little appreciation of either Fay's gratitude or her own generous action.

"I suppose, Miss Durand, you are quite overcome by grateful emotions—too much overpowered to express your feelings, eh?"

"I have returned no thanks, because I do not yet understand the position I am expected to maintain here," answered Mirabel. Madame's imperious manner clashed sadly with the Durand pride as represented in Mirabel.

"Oh, then you haven't expressed confidence in the kindness of my intentions? But you shall not remain in ignorance!" cried madame, vivaciously. "Listen, Miss St. Orme; for you, too, will be included in my exactions."

"I shall receive you in the capacity of my youthful companions. You shall read to me in the mornings, play or sing, or embroider, just as I may feel disposed. You shall take joint charge of my laces and such portions of my wardrobe as I may choose to trust to you. Ross is my dressing-maid, but she is apt to bungle the laces. Then there's the gardening, and the household affairs, which I must have a rigid account of, and you shall see that the housekeeper's book is rightly balanced. In the afternoon you shall dress to please me, and you can walk within prescribed limits or drive with me. You shall make calls with me once a week, and share the honors on my day for receiving. We'll find plenty to occupy your time, young ladies."

"And what return shall we have for the performance of these various duties?" asked Mirabel, gravely, while Fay turned away her head to make a distressful *move* in the direction of the two young men.

"Return!" cried madame. "Did I not say you shall be my companions? Have I not signified my intention of giving you a home at the manse? Of course I shall find your wardrobes; if you were strangers, now, I would arrange some stipulated salary, but being relatives—"

"Dependent relatives," suggested Mirabel.

"Dependent relatives," amended madame. "I shall see that you are properly provided for."

Mirabel inclined her head in silent acknowledgment, and Fay, not relishing the subject of conversation, broke the thread in her artless way.

With head drooping a little aside, she attentively regarded a portrait upon the wall.

"If that is a Durand, madame, you can never disclaim me. I've been studying myself in the mirror and making comparisons for five minutes, and if it were not for the quaint old style of dress and hairdressing, I could almost believe it to be my own portrait."

The painting represented a young blonde beauty with cast of features and bright yellow hair very much like Fay's indeed. The hair was dressed in a mass of heavy curls on the top of the head, looped there by a high comb and confined with an azure band.

The dress was a bright azure silk with pointed bodice and short puffed sleeves; a necklace of pearls and amethyst encircled the throat, depending a locket of medallion shape, with a vaguely-traced monogram in chased gems.

"It is a Durand," said madame, grimly. "You shall hear her history if you like. I don't think you'll envy her much, or care to boast of any resemblance, though she was a beauty, as you may see, and a belle in her day."

"To begin: it seems a fatality that the Durand estate shall descend through female heirs. The name would have been extinct ages ago, except that the daughters of the house have clung to it, making it a provision always that their husbands shall assume the family name."

"To Madame Rosalie there we owe this branch of the house. Her husband was one M. Valliers, who transformed himself into Valliers Durand when he married the heiress of a chateau and vineyard in the south of France, some two centuries ago."

"M. Valliers was both young and handsome, but nevertheless he soon was violently jealous of the gay and giddy young Madame Rosalie. There were a dozen dashing cavaliers, any one of whom he was ready to believe was his successful rival in madame's affections, but he was not disposed to gratify her secret wish by rushing into a duel and getting killed on her account. He was miserly of her charms, and thought to run away from his trouble by coming to America, which was enough of a wilderness then."

"Husbands had greater control over their wives in that day than at the present time, and it was very much against her will that Madame Rosalie sold out her chateau and her vineyard to follow her master to the new home."

"It would seem that Monsieur's distrust was not all set at rest. He brought workmen from his own land, and when they had completed their task, sent them back again. They built here upon this very spot, but the tower is all that remains complete of the handiwork, the manse being partially torn down and rebuilt in my father's time, a hundred years ago."

"After they were settled fairly, M. Valliers Durand grew exceedingly negligent of his young wife. He went on long expeditions through the almost trackless wilds, and it was reported that he found some reckless associates in the thicker settlements on the Virginia soil."

"Madame Rosalie must have found it dreary, left with the little girl who was her only child, the servants, and the friendly savages that wandered her way; but she endured her seclusion wonderfully well."

"So well, indeed, that M. Durand saw fit to come unexpectedly home one day, and to enter by a secret way, of which madame herself was not aware. They say that he succeeded in surprising the infatuated lover who had followed his beautiful mistress. If there was a scene it was not a violent one, but the unfortunate lover was never seen after he left the place."

"They say that Monsieur became immediately very solicitous in his manner to his wife, and among other evidences of his awakening regard was the fact of his presenting her with an amethyst-and-pearl necklace which she had long coveted. He had let her wear it on the occasion of having her portrait painted by one of the great masters, soon after their marriage, but he was careful that she should have possession of it only for short intervals. Now he insisted that she should wear it constantly."

But Madame Rosalie had no need of jewels soon after that; one tradition says that she died of remorse, another that the necklace was poisoned. The latter version would seem to have truth in it, for after her death M. Durand broke the links composing it, and destroyed every one of the alternating pearls."

Fay drew a regretful sigh as madame paused.

"What a pity! But then if it had been saved no one would have dared to wear it, I suppose."

"The necklace? Whatever the missing gems may have been, the amethysts were perfectly harmless. They were reset as at first, alternating with pearls, and I wore them on my wedding day."

"Oh, mayn't we see them? that's a dear madame," coaxed Fay, entreatingly.

"Humph! said madame, turning away abruptly. "Why, where is Lucian Ware?"

CHAPTER V. SOME FAMILY HISTORY.

They looked about them in some surprise, for no one had observed Lucian quit the apartment.

"Gone out to enjoy the moonlight, I daresay," observed Ernie, crossing the room to swing open the door which just stood ajar, and disclosing the piazzas flooded with white, brilliant light.

"People to their tastes, but Lucian Ware might be more respectful without overlooking common civility," cried madame. "I don't admire this spirit of the age. Young people are quite too independent, too inconsiderate and ungracious in their deportment to their elders. Fifty years ago, if a youngster was bored by a prosy tale, he felt in duty bound to sit it out all the same."

"Oh, I wonder that Mr. Ware could slip away voluntarily when all the rest of us were so much interested in your story, dear Madame Durand," said Fay. "I don't see the good of making an ado over his delinquency though, since the loss is all on his side. You were quite right in saying I would not envy that richly dressed beauty up there on the wall when I should know her history. Poor thing! one can almost pity her with the monster of a husband she had, but of course she deserved to be punished. What became of him, Madame Durand?"

"Killed by savages when pursuing one of his journeys, and served him right, too," answered madame, sententiously. "She deserved her fate, and he earned his."

"How strange it seems," said Mirabel, thoughtfully. "Every crime is followed by an atonement. Natural laws warn one against the commission of sin, since consequent punishment of some kind is inevitable."

"Stuff!" ejaculated the little lawyer, who seemed to have grown indignant and fidgety. "More criminals go unhung who dearly deserve hanging, than rogues are brought to justice."

"I did not mean that the atonement is always evident," said Mirabel. "Bitter, unavailing remorse, is a powerful weapon in the cause of just retribution."

"Stuff!" ejaculated the lawyer again. "People who are bothered with extreme sensitiveness will suffer acutely for a simple fault; while others who are phlegmatic, unimaginative and hard-hearted, can commit almost any crime in the catalogue and never suffer a pang for it. The family history of the Durands can show more evidences of cruelty than this one with which we have been regaled, and not balanced by any atonement, either."

"According to your own deductions, Mr. Thancroft," cried madame, wheeling about to cast a displeased glance at him. "Don't you know you ought to be a legal anatomy, a creature with no more feeling than your own law tomes, and no more blood than your shriveled parchments. And yet you rave about sensitiveness, and cruelty, and what-not, that has no business to exist at all—or, existing, you have no concern in suspecting. You are taught to judge by facts, Mr. Thancroft, but you let your own opinions get the better of your judgment sometimes."

"And there's nothing so perverse in nature, as a profound optimist!"

"Don't you know that, my good legal friend?"

"If I don't it's not for lack of illustration," retorted the lawyer.

"You are excitable, Mr. Thancroft. I think you must suffer from indigestion; nothing is more apt to make a person irritable. You should see to it; you don't know what a string of ills may arise from indigestion."

Madame's suddenly assumed solicitude was more than the lawyer could endure with equanimity.

"Heaven preserve me from heartlessness," he cried. "I am coming to almost believe in your boast, Madame Durand. I think you must have turned your heart into a gizzard. Talk of common humanity, and you preach indigestion; counsel a forgiving spirit or a just act, and I presume you would prescribe liver pills. Oh, yes, madame! I am ready to believe at last that you are heartless."

"See the curiosity you have excited in the minds of these young people, Mr. Thancroft," madame exclaimed, "and curiosity is a vulgar emotion. They are agape for more of the Durand history and they shall be gratified, this once. These young ladies shall learn the sort of obedience I shall exact from them."

"My good lawyer here has indirectly reproached me with cruelty; he has thrown out an insinuation that I ought to be walking with peas in my shoes to some distant Mexico, instead of living on fowl and game, and taking my ease here at the manse."

"That is his way of looking at the matter, but I am justified in my own sight, fully."

"You heard me say the Durand inheritance has come down through a line of females, so you will not be surprised to know that I am a true Durand."

"There is a little sequel to the history of Madame Rosalie there that is woven in with my own story. She wedded one M. Valliers, and—a point which I purposely omitted before—she was the fortune teller who paid dearly enough for his constancy was the husband's own brother."

Now, some old tradition brings down a jingle which, translated and modernized, runs something like this:

"When brother's life for brother's wife
Is shed by brother's hand,
Then comes back slowly crop—
To lot of the Durand:
Males be born but to die;
Earth and fire, water, sky,
Without fury shall expend
On the race to make amend;
While the curse shall still abide,
A hundred years shall pass away,
Ere male Durand shall see the day
Of grueful life.
For child and wife,
When brother's life for brother's wife
Shall ooze in crimson stain,
The fatal brand on the Durand
Shall be dispelled again."

"It was true that for a hundred years no male Durand lived to marry. One was buried by the sinking of a mine; another was consumed in a large conflagration; a third was drowned at sea, and a fourth was struck dead by a flash of lightning. Thus the conditions of the prophecy so far would seem to have been fulfilled. What the female Durands deplored the curse, not one but shuddered with dread at the possibility of becoming mother of more than one son."

Brother's life for brother's wife must be given to expiate that long-ago fratricide, and avert the Fate—which was violent deaths to all the males—from our house."

"The hundred years passed away before the birth of my son and he was the first male of our direct line who lived to marry. By a singular coincidence his father was a descendant of the Valliers."

"There had been a feud between the two houses, so deadly that it was like a vendetta established between them, and in joining his fortune to mine my husband drew the bitterest animosity of his family upon him."

"He had not shared in the bitter feeling existing, but hatred of the Valliers had been instilled in me from my earliest childhood. It was only on condition that he would identify himself with our side by assuming our name and joining our cause that I consented to wed him."

"He did it, but the concession was fatal to him. In less than three months afterward he shared the Fate which had befallen the male Durands."

"He was brought home dead from a hunting excursion, shot through the side, by accident, they said."

"But I was sure he had fallen victim to the hatred of the Valliers, and I vowed an additional vow to maintain the feud which existed."

"When my boy was born some months later I renewed that vow, and consecrated him to the task of wreaking vengeance upon his father's murderer."

"Time passed on until Jules became of age. I had been anxious—fearful that the Fate might overtake him, but I dismissed the fear then and urged him to marry. While I had little faith in the rhyming prophecy, I wanted to see our house strengthened by brave lads, who, in time,

would avenge the injuries we had received at the hands of our enemies."

"I selected a fitting wife for Jules, the daughter of a wealthy Virginia planter, whose family was old and honorable as our own."

"For the first time in his life my son disobeyed me. He would marry, he said, only the woman his heart had chosen."

"Imagine my horror when I discovered he had fallen in love with a penniless girl, and worse still—a Valliers!"

"I exhorted him to renounce the traitress—in blood she was a traitress—and to consummate the revenge which his father's death demanded."

"He refused utterly. He married the girl in defiance of my will, and from that day he was to me as one of the hated family he had openly espoused."

"I never saw him again in life. But two years later the woman who had enticed him away from me, came to beg at my gates. Her husband, she said, lay dying at a little village twenty miles away. He had come that far on his way to the manse to implore my forgiveness, and to beg my care for his wife and child."

"I should have known that I never forgive."

"But twenty miles away he had succumbed—to what, think you? Simply, starvation!"

"She implored me in my son's name, and I answered her that I had no son. I learned then what I had not known before—that she was the last of the Valliers as he was the last of our branch of the Durands; but there was the child in her arms, a puny, tiny infant, and it had the detested blood in its veins."

"I let her rave, but I would not listen to her, and I sent her away with no word of consolation for the man who was reaping the fruits of his error. Three days after that I heard that Jules Durand had died—a suicide! He had brought the Fate upon himself."

"And now, Mr. Thancroft, there would approach me for my part in that little drama of life and death. *Ma foi!* what a world it is when another's follies be transformed into our faults."

"I have nothing with which to reproach myself, and I regret nothing."

Madame paused, but seemed to reiterate her last words in the light, measured tap of her stick upon the floor."

"The young people ventured upon no remark, and the pitiless old woman who sat there telling her tale with as much composure as if it had been an idle day's gossip, passed her wrinkled jeweled hands over the other and chuckled softly to herself as she peered in her round-eyed birdlike fashion alternately into the faces of each to read the expressions there."

"Ah, madame!" cried the lawyer, "you compel me to take up the tale in your own defense. Heaven knows that you were hard enough, and I have always disapproved your course, but you were not so remorselessly cruel as you leave these young people to infer."

"It was but natural you should feel anger at your son's waywardness, but you forget that it was your own spirit reproduced in him, encouraged moreover by your own example, which prompted him. I declare that you were harsh—cruelly harsh—to the young woman, Jules' wife, when she pleaded your forgiveness for her husband. But I do not think you actually comprehended the sore strait to which they were reduced."

"The poor child—she was nothing but a child—was half-crazed by sorrow and want. You did not realize that until afterward, I am sure. Relentless as you were, you would not willingly have consigned your son to such a death."

"You thought it an artifice—a deceit practiced to influence you to receive his wife and child. You were wrong, you know; but I have always found that much excuse for you."

"I think when you had considered a little the young man gone in search of them, but for the discovery of a rash act which Jules' wife had committed."

"The necklace of pearls and amethysts, which lay in its case upon your dressing-table, was missing, and you knew that she alone could have taken it. You said, wretchedly, 'Let it go; it is the only portion they shall ever have.'"

"But, when you heard that Jules was dead—so awfully dead—you went at once to that little village, twenty miles from here. You were not subdued, or merciful, or forgiving, even then. If you felt sorrow no one ever knew it. He was a suicide, and his body could not be laid in consecrated ground, but you caused it to be privately buried in a spot which had been a favorite haunt of his in his wayward, boisterous boyhood."

"Madame, madame!" cried the lawyer, brokenly raising his clasped hands toward her, as if he were appealing mercy for himself. "How you conquered remorse and despair then, I know not. How you could see the bright young life—such a happy life as it had been once, and you so proud of it—blotted out so fondly, ended so sorrowfully, with not a curse hurled back at you from the border of eternal space, but a muttered prayer that you might be forgiven—how you could know that the outstretching of your hand would have saved him, and not go mad with self-horror and reproach, I can not know."

Madame's bright black eyes, fixed upon the lawyer's face, had never wavered nor dimmed."

Her hands, lying in her lap, had been quiescent, but now she caught up the stick by her side and rapped sharply upon the floor."

"Enough, Mr. Thancroft. Quite enough of such rhapsodizing. I don't like it—I detest it. A man of your age and a lawyer! you should be ashamed of your own weakness, sir!"

"Ah, madame, Heaven alone knows from whence you derive your inflexible strength. But to continue."

"You gave money to relieve the wants of Jules' loved ones. The poor young wife was stricken down very near to the gates of death, but you made no attempt to console her in her wild grief. You made provision for her wants and stipulated that the child should be well cared for, but, when she rallied, she would accept nothing at your hands."

"What became of her or the boy I never knew except that you told me afterward she was dead, but the lad was alive and well. You know how I begged and prayed you to bring him here, your own son's son; at least he was innocent of all wrong against you. But you would not, nor would you let me know his whereabouts; had you

done so, I would have sought him out and provided for him as if he had been of my own blood."

Slowly madame rose up from her chair. So quick was she in her ordinary movements, so surprisingly quick for one of her age, that this deliberate action had something awfully portentous in it. She spoke, and her tone was distinct but heavy, as if some weight was upon her tongue, yet her words were only commonplace in themselves."

"Bah! you tire me, sir, and you have reproached me no more than I would have wished by your unbased suppositions. We have dwelt upon the dead full long enough, suppose we return to the interest of the hour."

"I want to know what is Lucian Ware about all this time? You, Mirabel, play me something on the harmonium there, while you other two find Lucian and bring him here."

She waved her hand and sunk back into her chair, with her face in the shadow.

Ernie, with Fay at his side, went out upon the moonlit piazza, while Mirabel seated herself at the quaint old harmonium to draw out quivering strains, which, in their cracked melody, had the same reminder of old-time sweetness that still marked the abrupt tone of Madame Durand."

And not one of them all had a suspicion of the icy chill which was stealing up the madame's side, chaining her limbs in a dead numbness, stealing away the powers of motion and speech, but never dimming the brightness of the unwavering glance fixed straight on the empty space before her.

CHAPTER VI. A SUDDEN SHOCK.

ERNE VALERE, with Fay upon his arm, went out into the moonlit court with a feeling as though he had been suddenly transported to Paradise. This fair-haired, tiny creature, this dainty bit of flesh and blood, this silver-voiced siren, had fairly bewitched him in the few brief hours they were thrown together."

She dazzled his eyes like an angelic vision, and entranced his senses by her *naïveté*, her child-like candor and seeming innocence, which had he but known it were all deceptive wiles."

They paused for a moment in the moonlit space, with the sweet odors of the blooming plants about them, and the stillness of the night brooding down."

"I don't much wonder Mr. Lucian preferred so much beauty to that dingy, cooped-up room," said Fay, with a shrug of the bare dimpled shoulders, which gleamed above the shawl she had drawn loosely about her. "I admire his liking for the open night, but not his taste for solitude. I don't like to be left alone, ever."

"I am sure there must be plenty who wish you never need be," said Ernie, timidly. So little accustomed to ladies' society was he that the compliment implied fell treppingly from his tongue. But if his expression was awkward, the eloquent light in his dark eyes made atonement for the fault."

"Delightful!" thought Fay. "I'm sure I'd have died if I hadn't found somebody to flirt with."

"There," she said, in her pretty, child-like manner, "I suppose you mean something, but I'm sure I don't know. I hope you're not in the habit of flattering people, Mr. Valere."

"Not I," he replied, smiling. "That sounded like a compliment, you know, and I don't like people to say pretty things to me just for politeness' sake."

"I am not an adept in the art of saying 'pretty things,'" he returned, quietly. "In all that I say be sure I am always sincere."

"Oh, then I'll be sure that I have one friend here in my new home. It seemed like leaving every thing that was bright in the world to come away from all who loved me to this wilderness of a place. To tell you the truth, I couldn't reconcile myself at first. But then mamma was so dreadfully poor, and though uncle St. Orme is rich, he has a half-dozen girls of his own to provide for. They were all horribly plain, too; and the gentlemen would always send up their cards to me, though I didn't want them to. Well, it used to make the girls disagreeable and cross."

She glanced up into his face deprecatingly, as if she feared he too might disapprove, but he only pressed her hand silently in sympathy."

"Mamma had a proposal to travel as companion to an invalid lady friend just at the time madame's invitation was forwarded to me through Mr. Thancroft. I knew it would be so much pleasanter for her than remaining dependent upon my uncle, so I assured her that I was quite willing to be forwarded to madame's care. I'm afraid you would think me a dreadfully selfish little thing if I should tell you how hard my own struggle was."

"It was natural," said Ernie. "You knew nothing of the new friends to whom you were coming, and the separation from your mother would be very hard to bear. But harder, I am sure, for her to lose so considerate a daughter."

"Just what I thought," said Fay, sweetly, "and I would not grieve her where I could help. So I pretended that the summer passed up here in the mountains would be delightful pastime, and when that was over, I would be quite reconciled to the drearier aspect of the place so long as I could know that she was happy and comfortable. It wasn't so very wicked to fib a little in such a case, do you think?"

"Very pardonable," smiled Ernie. "The more so that I hope and believe you will prove it all true yet."

Engrossed and enraptured as he was, he would have forgotten their mission utterly but Fay reminded him of it."

"Now, Mr. Valere, if you've any idea of the crooks and corners into which that inconsiderate but sensible young man may have strayed, suppose we endeavor to find him out. Madame will think we are tardy, and I don't want her to be vexed with me. What a funny old woman she is!"

"Funny?" interrogated Ernie.

"Yes. So tiny, and she flies about in the queerest and most unexpected way. She dresses so oddly, too, and says such horrid things just as though she really meant them."

"She does mean them," he replied, gravely. "I believe she is just as hard, unforgiving, and unmerciful, as she claims herself to be. She turned against her own son, as she told us to-night, though he only followed in her own steps by marrying a Valliers."

He would have continued, but Fay threw back her head with an eager look.

"I didn't think before," she cried, "but isn't that your name? Are you one of those Valliers?"

"No, my name is Valere. There is a similarity in the sound, but they are differently spelled."

"Oh!" said Fay, with a disappointed intonation. "It would be nice if you were one of them. Who knows what sort of a relationship we might patch up between us, the Durands and Valliers' are so intermixed, according to madame's story?"

"But in that case, madame would never have interested herself in me, and I would not have met you. It seems strange that two families so bound by ties of blood should have been so bitterly hostile; it would be hard to tell where the feud should end and clanship begin."

"I can't help wishing you were a Valliers," persisted Fay. "And then, if madame should take the notion to marry you to one of the Durands, to bury the feud and leave you all her property, it would be such a charming romance in real life. Don't you think the changes time is sure to make might account for the change in your name?"

Ernie laughed.

"Even romance does not weave itself out so easily, Miss Fay. You forget all the distresses the hero and heroine are sure to endure."

"What a splendid place for a compliment," thought Fay. "Why don't he say he'd be willing to brave all sorts of danger if I were the heroine. Stupid! I'm sure the other one wouldn't let such an opportunity slip."

The other one meant Lucian Ware. Fay, superficial as she was, had rightly divined the different natures of the two young men."

Ernie Valere was too thoroughly honest and true to utter light assurances, even though his heart might prompt them."

"No," he went on, replying to her question. "I do not think the name I bear is corrupted from that of madame's enemies. If it were, it would bring me no nearer the Durands for my right to it is only nominal. I was a nameless waif, and my earliest remembrance is of a harsh woman whose name I can not remember, except that it was different from the one she bestowed upon me, and that she impressed upon my childish understanding was not rightfully mine."

"It comes back to me sometimes, like an almost forgotten dream, hazy, indistinct—that vision of my early childhood's days."

"In all the time since, I have never had any one to care for me until madame chose to take an interest in my welfare."

"And although she is eccentric to an extreme, whimsical and oftentimes overbearing, seemingly without natural affection, cynical, and to a certain extent misanthropic, yet I am drawn toward her by something more than a mere feeling of gratitude. I think it must be that I realize true womanly nobility beneath the crust she has encouraged to overgrow her generous impulses."

Fay put up her little dimpled hand to conceal a yawn, then raised it, warning him to silence."

"I thought I heard voices,"

"It is scarcely probable. There is the tower, and the servants are not fond of lurking hereabouts after nightfall. I think we must seek Lucian in some other direction."

As he spoke, a muttered growl and snarl saluted their ears."

A tawny body with gleaming red eyes made a rush at them from the dark shadow of the tower."

"Oh! what is that?" screamed Fay, in wild fright, clutching Ernie's arm.

"Down, Bruno, down!" he commanded. "Do not be alarmed, Miss St. Orme. It is only the watchdog, but he is a savage brute and should not be unchained at this early hour. Bruno, quiet, sir! How did you come from your kennel, I should like to know?"

"Oh," cried Fay, trembling and clinging close to him still, as the dog flung back, yet eyed them viciously. "The great horrid brute. Do come away; I am fairly sick with fright!"

Ernie's heart gave a great throb as he glanced down at her. The temptation was strong to clasp her close in his arms where she might find a refuge always on his loyal, true heart."

But while the intoxicating thought wavered like a flash through his brain, Ware came out from the shadow of the tower, speaking angrily to the dog."

"Away with you, Bruno! What do you mean by such disgraceful conduct? Be gone to your kennel, sir!"

Then approaching them he doffed his cap with an air of mock humility."

"What shall my penance be? I have been the cause of frightening a lady through thoughtlessly unfasting the dog."

"Bruno should not be unchained when any except members of the ordinary family are around," said Ernie, gravely. "He has a surly temper, and a more serious consequence might result. It is by madame's express order that he is kept close, you know."

"Oh, madame is full of quips," retorted Ware, carelessly. "I am only sorry that Miss St. Orme has been alarmed. What were you doing—watching the moon? I envy you, Valere! I did not plead for the pleasure of the ladies' companionship through respect of the madame's expressed disfavor."

"She sent us in search of you, half an hour ago."

"A man's soul wouldn't be his own, if madame could command it," grumbled Lucian Ware. "What did she propose I would do—desecrate her floral geometry, or steal through the secret passage they say is somewhere in the manse, to make off with her valuables? Let us go back to set her mind at rest. Don't let this preposterous malice intimidate you, Miss St. Orme. A pretty time you'll have of it if she once gets you under her thumb."

"I should use my counter-charm," said Fay. "I believe in conquering by love."

"I wish you would fight a battle with me," declared Lucian, gallantly. "I should take such pleasure in being defeated."

They turned to go into the densest shadow unseen by either Ernie or Fay, sped silently away toward another portion of the house. It was only the confidential maid, Milly Ross.

But two bits of evidence—that scrap of rustling paper drawn from the glove, and this trust kept beneath the tower walls—might fit significantly together.

Mirabel was at the harmonium still, but arose as they entered.

She glanced smilingly toward Mr. Thane, who was seated in his chair, and turned toward the figure sitting half in shadow.

"Have I soothed madame to sleep also?" she asked, softly. "My music exerted greater influence than I thought."

Fay danced across the room and dropped on the stool by the old lady's side.

"Such a fright as I've had," she began, reaching her soft fingers to caress the shriveled hand on which diamonds gleamed brightly.

She sprang up with a horrified cry—her touch had met another, cold, clammy, deathlike.

"Oh, she is dead! She is dead!" shrieked Fay, and straightway relapsed into hysteria.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 133.)

The Red Scorpion: OR, THE BEAUTIFUL PHANTOM.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TATSMAN," "BLACK CRESCENT," "WOODWIND," "RESCUES, THE BUNOBACK," "PEARL OF PEARLS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII. A DESPERATE GAME.

On over the lonely road sped the carriage containing Karl Kurtz.

Tight to the trunk-board hung and coiled Dyke Rouel. It was a great trial of endurance, even with this little, sinewy personage, to maintain so difficult a hold for so long a time. But Dyke had made an engagement with Oscar Storms, and he meant to fulfill it.

Kurtz alighted at a street corner, and, bidding his man await him there, he turned away at a brisk walk, soon entering an unlighted, treacherous-looking avenue.

Before a dilapidated frame building he paused and knocked.

"Who's there?" demanded a thick voice from a window in the upper story.

"A friend, Cale; let me in."

"Directly."

After a few moments' delay, the bolt slid back, and Kurtz was permitted to enter.

It was a queer apartment to which this midnight visitor continued on—exhibiting, by his actions, a thorough familiarity with the place.

On the white walls were outlined, in a hideous naturalness that would make one shudder, snakes and fierce birds, the heads of savage animals, with yawning mouths, and innumerable bugs. At one side was a narrow closet, and the half-open door discovered a chalky skeleton, whose fleshless face seemed to grin upon the beholder.

A fireplace blazed with a few crackling, snapping logs, over which hung a kettle, foaming, hissing and emitting dense fumes; a large black cat, dozing near a pan of milk, purred loudly; and on the round ebony table, in the center, was a crooked candle, whose flame sputtered in a way that threatened to expire.

The man, the sole occupant of the house, who had admitted Kurtz, now joined the latter.

A tall, black, thin-featured negro of, perhaps, three-score years, yet his form was straight as an arrow, the eye was piercing in its strange, hard glance, no sign of age in his supple limbs, and only the white hair, and short beard of a corresponding color, would seem to indicate the frosts of life.

His manner was quiet; his countenance alive with intelligence; his voice low, yet of a baritone which, had it known cultivation, might have been rich in music.

And this was Cale Fez, the *Obi Man*—one of that incomprehensible and dreaded race who, like the Thugs and Phansigars, are banded together in religious superstitions, for the promotion of individual gain, power, and even vengeance upon such as dare to cross them. One of those manufacturers of unguents, perfumes, essences, and even subtle poisons; one of those beings who, too cowardly to meet a foe openly, strike like a snake in the grass, and have made their terrible superiority in the use of drugs felt in nearly every quarter of the globe.

"Had you gone to bed, Cale?" asked Kurtz, as the other entered.

"No. I was busy at my kettle. I called from the window up-stairs that any one listening might be deceived. I am not much liked among my neighbors, and they would wonder—with danger to me—if they knew that I sometimes sit by this fire throughout the night, working, working till the sun comes up again."

Kurtz appeared ill at ease under the influence of Cale's steady gaze.

"You are a man of many, many mysteries, Cale Fez," he said, after a long pause, as if hesitating to proceed with the business that brought him there.

"Why do you come to see me? Speak out. I have much to do before day."

"Well, Cale Fez—I want to use you again."

"Ah?"

"Yes. You did not expect that, after eighteen years, I would come to buy another favor at your hands."

"What now?"

"Not an essence, this time, to give the scorpion sting a deadly venom, but something—to be administered direct to the man."

His listener did not move a muscle.

"And I want the drug," continued Kurtz, "to be one that has no antidote. Can you make up such a thing?"

"No. A child of the order of Vaudou compounds no poison for which he can not furnish an antidote. I can not favor you."

"Then I must be content with whatever you give."

"Be plain," said Fez, now folding his arms as he contemplated his customer.

"Say what it is you want—and then I may set its price."

"I have an enemy, Cale."

"Pew of us who have not. Well?"

"And when you have an enemy, you remove him?"

"You may think so," was the wily response.

"This one, Cale Fez, comes from Antoine Martinet."

"Ah?" The African opened his eyes a trifle wider.

"Listen. . . . Antoine Martinet is dead. But before he died, he empowered this man—the enemy I speak of—to force a fulfillment of the contract, to the signing of which you were a witness, in this very room."

"Go on."

"Go on? Can you not see? This enemy must be put out of the way!"

"When?—how?"

"Now, and quickly. He is at my house this hour. But, let it be in a way that no physician, however apt, can detect a foul cause of death."

"No uninitiated eye can see our poisons," and Fez straightened himself the more, as if with a haughty pride. Then he asked:

"When do you want this?"

"I would like to take it with me to-night."

Cale Fez silently stooped, and raising a small trap at his feet, drew out to view a box containing numerous labeled bottles set upright in square compartments. Looking over these, he selected one, and then returned the box to its place.

Holding up a vial of greenish fluid, he said:

"Mark, now, what I say: this is to be given in three doses. You see on the glass two scratched lines dividing the liquor into three equal parts. He who takes it is to drink it. Water is best—a dose to a tumbler full. When the two combine, this loses color and taste. Three days must be used for the three doses. Am I plain? You understand?"

"Perfectly. What is its effect?"

"The victim will not know of or feel it, until one hour after the third dose."

"And then?"

"He falls dead in his tracks."

"It will do. Let me have it," reaching out his hand to receive the deadly portion.

But Cale Fez withheld it, saying:

"The value is five hundred dollars."

"Five hundred! That's too much, Cale."

"A good secret is worth a good price," interrupted the *Obi Man*, with that peculiar calmness that was to Karl Kurtz a source of uneasiness.

"And," he added, "if you did not bring so much money with you, you must return for it."

"Yes, yes. I brought twice that amount. I was determined to have the poison, even if it cost a thousand."

For a brief moment the habitual immobility of the African's countenance vanished, and an expression of disappointment rested there.

Interfering all the avaricious characteristics of the sect of which he was a member, he regretted not having charged double the sum for the decoction.

Karl Kurtz paid over the money and received the vial.

Having concluded his business with the *Obi Man*, he withdrew.

Cale Fez, from the shadow of his doorway, watched the receding figure as it moved in the pale moonlight—stood like a statue, and muttered:

"I will be wiser this time. Eighteen years ago, when you came to me for means to remove a rival, I was a sorry fool to let you go on with your plans, while I got nothing but a pittance at your will. I did not know you then, Robert St. Clair. Cale Fez has learned much in the years that have gone by. And money," his eyes lighting with an avaricious gleam, "will come the easier, now, since I have gotten at your fears. To-morrow I will be at Birdwood; but you won't see me—no—you won't see me."

He turned slowly back into the house, and resumed labor at the steaming kettle.

And as he stirred the boiling fluid round and round, his brain, like his hands, was steadily at work.

Karl Kurtz clutched the vial tightly as he hurried away from the don of the *Obi Man*.

He was filled with dark, fierce meditations. This beset and cornered man had resolved upon a desperate course—a course by which to escape the iron-gripping power of Vincent Carew.

"How are the horses?—tired?—ha?" he asked, when he returned to the waiting cab.

"Not much, I guess, sir," was the reply.

"Back to Birdwood, then. I must reach there before daylight."

In a few seconds the vehicle was rumbling over the cobbles; and inside, Karl Kurtz sat brooding on his plans.

CHAPTER IX.

THE UNWELCOME WARNING.

DYKE ROUEL had dropped from his hold the moment the carriage stopped.

Darting behind a tree, he paused to overhear Kurtz instruct the driver to wait, and then he hastened away to find Oscar Storms' rooms.

By the pale light of the moon, he re-read the address upon the card Oscar had given him, so as to be sure he was right.

Rouel was a stranger in the city. At the first corner he encountered a policeman, of whom he made inquiries.

Chance favored him. His destination was only a few blocks further on.

Oscar was sitting at a window, smoking and gazing listlessly at the heavens. He was at that very instant thinking of the queer humanity he had met at Birdwood, and wondering upon two things: first, whether the strange fellow would come; and second, what it could be he wished to see him about.

Some one rapped at the door.

"Come in," said Oscar.

Dyke Rouel glided in and closed the door after him. Midway across the room he paused.

"Ah! you've come? Do you know I've been puzzling myself a great deal about you? Sit down."

"No," returned Dyke, in a way plainly indicative of a desire to hurry through the interview. "I have not time. I am here, sir, to warn you."

"To warn me! Of what?" exclaimed Oscar, and asked the young man in surprise.

"That you had best relinquish your attempts to win Lorilyn St. Clair."

"Ha! man, what do you mean?"

Rouel was impressively calm—this calmness, with his pale face and eyes that fastened meaningfully upon Storms, causing the latter a humor of impatience and half-checked excitement.

"I mean what I say," answered Dyke Rouel. "For two reasons, you had better give her up."

"Your master?" interrupted Oscar.

"Why do you call him 'master'? There is nothing in you that tells me you were not born to be a servant—a slave."

"Do not waste time by asking me useless questions. I have only a few minutes to speak. My master is determined to wed Lorilyn St. Clair."

"By Heaven! he shall not have her. That sour-looking, scoundrel-faced—"

"Wait. He is a bold, bad man. He has set his heart upon this. Moreover, he holds Karl Kurtz in his power."

"Karl Kurtz in his power!" Oscar was bewildered.

How many men held Karl Kurtz in their power—for he had concluded that he wielded some dread influence over him, though ignorant of what it was, and as he had acted under instructions from Thaddeus Gimp, then the lawyer, too, must have some powerful hold.

Though he had heard the tone of authority assumed by Vincent Carew, on the night of the latter's arrival at Birdwood; though it was his face that had peered round the door-jamb, as at the conclusion of a former chapter; though he saw plainly that the comers on that night held some secret of Karl Kurtz, this was the first direct knowledge given him that Kurtz was in the power of Vincent Carew.

"I tell you not to interrupt me, sir," said Dyke. "Karl Kurtz must assist my master in winning Lorilyn St. Clair. He dare not refuse. Your love, if you love her, is a hopeless one."

"But, I, too, can force Karl Kurtz to obey me," Oscar ventured.

"I judge you think so, by the words I heard you use in the parlor this afternoon. I advise you to go no further"—a marked emphasis on the two last words.

"And you came all the way from Birdwood to pour this nonsense into my ear?" the questioner curled his lip sarcastically.

"I owe you nothing," Dyke said, in a quick tone. "My visit is meant for your good. But, if you think this warning of mine is 'nonsense,' you have only to test the nature of Vincent Carew."

"What of his nature?" and the young man frowned.

"I have said that he is bold and bad. Tempt him, and you'll find him doubly devilish. He is a man of quick impulses, and when spurred by hate, he deals harshly with an enemy."

"And do you think that I fear him?"

"With your fears I have nothing to do. I would prevent rashness. Take my advice and do not persist."

"Is this all?" Oscar was growing angry.

"All."

Dyke Rouel was gone.

Why, the fellow's a fool! Had I imagined such tomfoolery as this, I would not have waited for his appearance. What I yield the field because I have a surly, prowling, dangerous rival to contend with? Then, indeed, nature has wasted pains in giving me muscle and spirit!"

Dyke Rouel, as he sped back to where he left the cab, was muttering: "I must do a great deal if I would save Vincent Carew. Karl Kurtz, driven to it by desperation, might put him out of his way. What brought him to the city to-night? I must find out. This young man, too, might take a notion to do his rival harm. They must be kept off. Yes—curse him—he shall not be the prey of enemies. His life is mine. I am watching and waiting. No one must have him but me! Jessie's wrongs must be avenged! And it'll be some day—some day."

The carriage was just moving away as he reached the spot.

Again he grasped the trunk-board, coiling his limbs over and around the axle-tree, and was being borne, unseen, back to Birdwood.

For a long time the vehicle ran smoothly over the road, and the muffled sound of the wheels, as it broke the solitude of morning's night, fell ominously on the ears of the nervous occupant.

But suddenly there was a snap, a creak, a rattle, and Kurtz felt his seat settling.

The driver stopped the horses with a jerk, dismounted and opened the door.

"What's the matter?" asked Kurtz.

"Broke down, sir. I guess—yes, here it is, sir, the axle's split."

"Curse the misfortune!" he growled, as he stepped out. "Can't we remedy it in some way?"

"Reckon not, sir; it's clean gone. We might drag 'er up to the Ox."

"Ah—the Ox." The man's words gave him an idea.

A faint light glimmered from one of the windows at the *Red Ox*, a short distance ahead.

"Well, do the best you can," he said; and then he walked briskly forward, in the direction of the light.

It was an object for him to reach Birdwood before daylight, and already the gray streaks of dawn were forming in the eastern sky.

Simultaneously with the occurrence of the accident, Rouel sprang into the shadow of the fence which lined the road. Crouching low, he pressed onward. It would never do for him to be absent when Vincent Carew awoke!

It was not over two miles from the *Red Ox* to Birdwood. When he had gained a considerable distance, and a bend in the road screamed him, he straightened up and started off on a run.

Jerry O'Connough was just rising—a custom of his to be up before the sun—when there came a loud knock at the tavern door, so abrupt, so unexpected, that it startled him.

"The devil!" he ejaculated, as he looked out to see who it was, and he added: "Not the devil, either, or it's a stiff old rap he has in his fist the—Now, what d'ye want down here?"

"Hurry. Open the door," came in gruff answer.

"Is it a hurry ye're in?"

"Come quick. I want to see you."

"Sure, I'll do the first, an' ye may do the other."

"Will you come down? I am in very great haste."

"An' isn't it a-comin' I am?—there, now!"

When O'Connough descended, he was much surprised to recognize the owner of Birdwood in his early visitor.

"I want a horse immediately," said Kurtz.

"A horse is it?"

"Yes, sir, a horse. Haven't you a spare one in your stable? Come, I'll pay you liberally."

"That's me, then. But—what the devil tell me? Two years ago, when you were in need of a horse, when he had so many of his own, why he was so nervous—"

Kurtz anticipated him:

"I met with an accident on the road, and as I have to be at home before daylight, I thought you would accommodate me with a saddle-horse. I will return the animal shortly, and pay you well. Let me have it, please, quickly as possible."

Jerry lighted a lantern and proceeded to the stable. After a brief time, which seemed like hours to him who waited, he returned, leading a fine horse by the bridle.

"It's a good beast he is," said Jerry. "An' if ye had but the wink av yer eye to travel a mile, sure, he'd niver stop till he brought up at t'other end! There ye are, now."

Karl Kurtz thanked him, and slipped a ten-dollar gold-piece into his hand. Then he vaulted into the saddle and digging his heels into the horse's sides, dashed down the road at a swift gallop.

Jerry looked thoughtfully after him.

"An' ye did have to stop once at the Ox—ye ould divil! It's proud I am that ye owe me a favor—ye ould divil, ag'in!"

Day was very close at hand. As Kurtz turned into the gravel drive that led to his house, he glanced up at the windows of the room occupied by Vincent Carew.

"I hope he is not yet up. Should he see me, he would suspect. Ha! where is the vial?"—suddenly clapping his hand to his pocket. "Safe!" he added, with a long breath, as he felt the article.

Several of the field-hands were lounging at one side of the lawn, waiting for the breakfast-horn. Calling to one of these, he gave him charge of the horse, with some brief instructions.

Then he entered the house by a side-door, and proceeded to his bedroom.

CHAPTER X.

SCORPIONS.

VINCENT CAREW was awake at an hour unusual for him.

Dyke Rouel was snoring in his bed.

Arising, Carew went to the window—the air of the room was close; and the light, cooling breeze that entered there bore upon it the sweet heraldry of the bird.

He had stood for some time, his gaze wandering at random over the panoramic scene, when he saw a horseman approaching.

A second and closer glance discovered it to be Karl Kurtz.

Kurtz little thought that a pair of wondering eyes were fixed upon him as he rode hastily up the drive.

"Where can he have been? Is it his custom to ride out thus early, for health?" Then he turned to his follower.

"Come, Dyke, get up."

A grunt was the response.

"I tell you to get up."

"Yes—maester—ayho! I'm a-comin'."

Rouel rubbed his eyes like one just rousing from a sleep of months. The truth was, he did feel sleepy; after the severe tax of the night gone, he was loth to leave the soft couch.

The two were in the parlor long before the breakfast-hour. Carew, noting the field-hands going to their labor, marking new beauties in the place, as the great disk that trembled just above the far tree-tops shot forth the golden splendor of morning, while Nature blushed her fragrance in the breath—kisses of each passing zephyr; hearkening to the wild, weird melody that welled up from the groves; watching the play of the sunbeams amid the smiling flowers—it was strange that such a one as he could be absorbed and pleased in a contemplation of those bright gifts earth-born but given of God! But that pleasure was of its kind. Soon all this fair surrounding would be his; soon Vincent Carew would revel in possession of that which made Karl Kurtz a man envied for his wealth.

"All mine! All mine!" he mused, aloud. "Before yonder sun bids the earth farewell again, I will be the owner of Birdwood. Ha! ha! ha!"

It was a low, but devilish chuckle that issued from his lips, and the gray eyes sparkled with delight.

"Did you speak, maester?"

But Carew heard him not.

At table Kurtz made lawyer Gimp acquainted with his guests.

Lorilyn was not there.

Mrs. Kurtz soon excused herself, and sought the bedside of her sick child.

Passing out from the breakfast-room, Carew observed Lorilyn seated in the parlor. Turning to Kurtz, he whispered:

"Don't forget; prepare Lorilyn St. Clair to receive me as her future husband. Also remember, you have to go to town this morning to fix up the matter of deeds, and so forth."

Kurtz said nothing.

On the piazza Gimp proposed a walk.

"Help one's breakfast, you know," he said persuasively. "I always take a walk after meals. Nothing like it—nothing in the world—except whisky 'sang.' Come along."

Carew pleaded preference for a quiet smoke.

He was puffing carefully at a cigar when Lorilyn came out, and, from the dense honeysuckle that grew at the side of the piazza, began to arrange a bouquet of the perfumed blossoms.

"They'll be nice for Eddy," Carew heard her say.

She did not notice the presence of others.

"How beautiful she is," he thought, while a mastering fire was kindling within him.

"Will she yield readily to the command of Karl Kurtz, and my own professions of love for by the gods! I do love her. Or will she spurn me? Will she think me not good enough? These haughty spirits are hard to bend. What if she should love Storms, after all? If she does"—his eyes burning—"then he shall be removed! Already I could fall at her feet! I am worshipping her! To lose her—no—he was exciting himself

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Our Arm-Chair.

Popular Reading. We are glad to hear of the general prosperity of the popular papers. All that are good for anything seem to be doing well, which argues well also for the public. Show us a reading people and we'll show you a happy community. The family that "takes the papers" is almost sure to be one of intelligence; and the home that is denied the papers is almost sure to be no very desirable place, either for young or old.

It is one evidence of American prosperity and intelligence that so great a proportion of the population is given to reading. No country on the earth supplies so many readers, in proportion to its population, as the United States, north of a given line, and it is fair to assert that no country on the globe is so intelligent, free and happy.

The time is not far distant when our best popular papers will have a combined circulation equivalent to two or three millions. Vast as such a number seems, it will only supply the reading families of a country where, not to be a reader, is a sign of dire ignorance. While in common with our contemporaries, we shall be gratified at all increase in our numbers of regular patrons and friends, we hope to render the SATURDAY JOURNAL so good and acceptable that, in that early future, it will be named the leading paper of all the popular weeklies.

Off Again! The Warren (Ill.) Sentinel says:

"Our assistant, Maj. Max Martine, contemplates a trip to the Yellowstone country. He has not had enough of 'Injun' life yet, it seems."

We had supposed that the Major had "put down his stakes" to stay; but, who ever knew a person, once infatuated with wild life on the plains, ever to abandon it willingly for the artificialities of civilization and life in the town? The Major, though college bred, is as natural a hunter and plains rover as a Pawnee. One consolation our readers have—they will hear from the Yellowstone country!

Capt. "Bruin" Adams is somewhere "on the wing." He, too, must "smell the wind," as he calls a three or four months' mustang ride in the Indian country and Rocky Mountains. Capt. Adams would rather shake a bear's paw, any time, than to welcome the Grand Duke. He takes to bears as naturally as a bear takes to honeycomb. We hope to hear from him soon again.

Who is Hit? That the SATURDAY JOURNAL supplies editorial paragraphs for a considerable number of papers is evident, judging by the number of journals that "adapt" our matter. Our editors, our fourth page essays and our humorists must be amazingly popular to be so "adapted."

Rowell's American Newspaper Reporter is rather severe on the copyists. It says:

"All journals ought to be smart nowadays. It is so easy to be 'smart.' A moderate-sized exchange list and a good pair of scissors are all that is necessary. Cut out the richest snippets you can find, after a careful examination; change a few words here and there; set 'em up in briefer type in a conspicuous part of your paper, and then enjoy your reward when they come back credited to you

in the columns of some 'conscientious' exchange. Keep on doing this in the most cold-blooded, impudent way you know how, and it will be written upon your tombstone, 'Here lies a smart editor.'"

After which the copyists may consider themselves well "raveled." Only this we ask: Just barely hint that the SATURDAY JOURNAL is your general source of supply, and, friends of the press, you may "adapt" and adopt as much from its columns as you please.

BRAIN-STEALERS.

It is not in my nature to harbor malice toward any one, and I try to think charitably of one and all, yet I can not overcome my hate of a certain set of individuals, whom I style brain-stealers. The dictionary gives them a much milder name—calling them plagiarists, though I do not feel as though I could do so.

I have no pity left for those who can be so wicked as to steal the brain-work of another, and pass it off as their own. It is just as great a crime and sin to steal brains as it is to rob one of any thing else—a greater thing I think. I have seen many a piece, that I have known was written by one who was endowed with intellect, floating through the periodicals with the name of a person who had no literary talent of his own, but who was endeavoring to gain a reputation and money by using others' brain-work.

Shame on such mean, dishonest and dishonorable beings, who are not worthy to mix in decent society! Better be a poor writer all the days of your life than follow in the example of these pests of the literary field.

Two persons may have the same style of writing, introduce the same incidents, and both conceive the same plot, but they can not give the same story almost word for word, unless one copies from the other. But plagiarism—like murder—is soon found out, and then the editor holds up to scorn the pilferer, for whom he should have no pity, since he deserves none.

I have known plagiarists to plead poverty as their excuse. Grim want stared them in the face. Something must be done—they were desperate—and so they took a story and copied it.

If I am poor, do I consider it necessary to enter a house and rob its money-chests, simply because one has worked for his wealth and I have failed to get mine honestly?

You know I haven't. Then what right has any one to pry into the author's house—his brain—and steal his ideas? If you would be a true author, work as a true author works; but if you'd live on the toil of others, then go on in your bad habits of stealing, and you'll be a fit candidate for the State prison.

In the course of my travels I have visited numerous prisons, and have gazed on many an evil-doer. As I am something of a student of humanity, of course I have gazed into a great many faces to see if I could read their characters.

My staring must have caused the warden some wonder, for he said: "Why, Miss Lawless, do you know any of the inmates here?"

"No," was my answer, "but I know of some individuals who ought to be here."

"Ah! Who are they, pray?"

"Plagiarists."

"Under what head of criminals do they come?"

"The lowest class of pilferers—the basest set of thieves."

I have this matter at heart, as all who write for the press should have. It is our duty, brothers and sisters of the pen, to expose these disgraces to humanity. They have too long been leniently treated, but that is no reason why they should continue to be so any longer.

There, I have rapped some one's knuckles pretty hard, and I'll send them no salve to heal the wound! I honor an author who writes to benefit, but I feel like indenting my fingers into the eyes of a plagiarist.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Scientific Congress.

PROF. PORKENBENES read an able paper on the analysis of drinking water in various cities of the United States. New York, he thought, had the worst water. He found one glassful of it contained ten parts pure water, three of saccharine matter, and the other eighty-seven parts of "it doesn't matter at all" flavored with a spoon. Had tested several glasses of it and was made very sick by it.

Prof. Bunyan read an exhaustive scientific paper on the meanness of corns, and showed conclusively that people are better without them, and that they ought to be exterminated.

Prof. Parry Goric, the celebrated chemist, read a long article relating his great discovery of turning gold into cast-iron. He had worked years at the experiment, and had at last been successful. It was the proudest hour of his eventful life! Turning cast-iron into gold would be his next attempt. He borrowed five dollars of the president and went off down town.

Prof. Rotneys read a paper on compressed air as a motor, and illustrated his theory with a quill gun wadded with sliced potato. During the experiment the president was struck in the eye by one of the wads, and the professor rode out of the door on the top of the president's scientific box.

Prof. Ben Zeen discoursed on his non-combustible coal oil, which he assured the savans was not dangerous as it could not be set afire under any consideration, and was an excellent thing to throw on a burning house, for it would put the fire out like water. It was the best thing in use for lamps. "You fill the lamp up with this oil," he said, "and stick a tallow candle in the lamp." He didn't hanker after the gold medal, but wouldn't decline it if it were pressed upon him.

Prof. D. Shrage illustrated the abnormal and toxicological science of smoking eggs. His experiment on the first egg was a success, but the second was a failure, as the egg was too ripe, and the professor was carried out on a board, with very bad breath, and in an unconscious state.

Prof. Z. Bray read a learned paper on the perturbations of the planets and the final dissolution of the firmament. He was proud to say that he drew his conclusions from what he had seen with his own eyes. Only the night before, he had seen the moon jumping around promiscuously; then there were two of them; the stars danced in the most abstract manner. The question was raised

as to whether he was at that time as steady as usual. He affirmed that he was, and that he was holding onto a lamp-post to make himself more so, and that he was in his usual mind.

Prof. Short O'Brains read a paper devoted to the amelioration of the moral and physical condition of bed-bugs.

Prof. Looney followed with a geological disquisition of pyrites, trilobites, and fleabites, and showed a brick which he had abstracted from his hat.

Prof. Loperes borrowed a chiev of tobacco of the president, saying he would return it as soon as he got through with it. He read an able paper on the northern lights, and the scientific necessity of somebody sending for a bottle that had a green seal on it.

Prof. Punkened exhibited a section of raisin-cake which had been on the table at his boarding-house. It was discovered that two-thirds of the raisins had legs. The cake afforded such a fine study of natural history that it was ordered to be put among the collections of the society, and a vote of thanks was presented to the landlord.

Prof. Dedbete presented a complex automatic figure with jointed arms and legs, which he worked with a string and made it dance. He said he had discovered the curiosity in a penny toy store down town, and was struck by its agility. An hour or more was spent in the examination of this wonderful curiosity. Prof. D. also presented for the president's inspection a box with a spring lid, which flew open and a monkey jumped up in the president's face, causing that learned man to straighten up suddenly enough to send his intelligent spectacles against the ceiling. It was pronounced an infernal machine, and a most diabolical attempt to assassinate the president, and the professor was assisted out of the window.

Prof. U. Kerr read a most interesting paper on the healthful and manly scientific exercise of playing cards, and the beauty of holding five aces.

Prof. St (ur) John exhibited a fish weighing twenty pounds, which he had caught himself. On opening it he found inside a couple of hair-pins, one pewter plate, one step-ladder, a brass kettle, a cast-iron stove, a brick cellar and a quarter section of a neighborhood.

The Congress then adjourned to a neighboring saloon to examine a Weiss beer, which a sign said was within. WHITEHORN, Reporter.

Woman's World.

Fall and Winter Fashions.—Composite Costumes.—Saquee Talmas and Dolmans.—The National Dress Trimmings.—Embroidery, Lace, Fringe and Soutache.

THE readers of the "Woman's World" have a right to expect that this number shall be devoted to the caprices of fashion. The season has fairly begun, and now it is no longer doubtful what will be worn; what will be popular and what discarded. In the first place, there are no material changes in the forms of garments, hats or bonnets. There are variations of last season's styles, and nothing more. Still there is an indefinable something which marks a new-style garment, and which is frequently produced by only a slight variation in the direction of a seam, the adjustment of a loop, or the manner of putting on a trimming of fringe, lace, passementerie, or hand-made trimming, and which renders the use of a cut paper pattern and a catalogue of fashions absolutely necessary to those who, living in remote interior cities and villages, would be their own dress-makers.

We propose giving a few hints to aid ladies in the selection of patterns, materials and trimmings, and the fashioning of their winter garments.

Among the most elegant importations we notice this year a great variety of what are called "composite costumes"—that is, a costume composed of saquee, talma, tunic and jupon combined. These can be worn in a number of fanciful ways, so as to form different costumes at different times. Sometimes the jupon and saquee only are worn. Then the tunic can be added, giving the effect of a polonaise; and again the talma can be worn or left off, as the weather or occasion may require.

The variations of the saquee talmas are endless. Sometimes the back of the garment is a pointed cape, while the front is a regular saquee. Sometimes the cape is square, both back and front; and again the garment is given a postillion back, with graceful mantilla fronts.

The Dolman is the favorite among these imported wraps. It is the most unique garment imaginable. There are many varieties of the Dolman, but they are all distinguished by a peculiar, pointed, wing-like sleeve, or rather a side-piece hanging over the arm, and ending in a long point hanging below the rest of the garment. The back sometimes fits close, almost like a postillion jacket or tight saquee, and again it is a looser saquee, with a seam up the middle of the back, and slashed over the bustle; but, however the garment may be varied, the long, wing-like sleeve over a coat-sleeve, or the drooping side-piece beginning high on the shoulder and falling in deep Vandykes at the side, is invariable.

Those ladies who have saquees of velvet or cashmere left from last year can convert them into Dolmans by the addition of this wing-like sleeve, which will give the effect of a new garment; but it will be necessary to have a pattern to guide them in the work.

A few large cloaks are seen among the new styles. They are generally circular and double capes, with a deep pointed collar. They have no arm-holes, and are buttoned half-way down the front. A pair of half-sleeves are attached to strong elastic bands that hang from the shoulders underneath the cloak, and the arms are thrust into these sleeves when it is necessary to extend them from under the wraps. These cloaks are intended only for very cold weather.

More black wraps and outer garments will be worn than colored ones. Among the colored, those of bronze-brown, deep purple, or plum-color, mouse-gray and olive, are the most stylish.

Guipure laces and fringes, jet fringe, passementerie, and embroidery of black silk with jet seedings, are the trimmings for black garments; while bands of fur of various kinds, and bands of black and colored plush, bias silk and wide soutache are used for colored garments. Sleeves are trimmed around the hand or at the lower edge, but not at the shoulder.

Polonaises are seen in great variety, but the lovers of novelty will be gratified to know that a large proportion of the new suits are made with an elaborately-trimmed

single skirt and basque to be worn with or without a Dolman, or as a separate garment to wear with any other skirt.

Cloth muffs to match the wraps are very fashionable. They are trimmed at the ends with bands of fur to match the trimming on the wrap.

The pretty ready-made trimming known as the "National" forms an economical and stylish garniture for black alpacas and mohairs, which will retain their popularity as the staple goods for "the million." This trimming saves a vast amount of work, and must lessen the cost as well as the trouble of dressmaking. It is a puffing of the alpaca or mohair, fluted on each side and either plainly bound on the edges, or finished with a double row of juping. It comes in various widths, from one to three inches, and costs from 40 cts. to 75 cts. per yard.

There is little to be seen in the way of new materials; the cashmeres, merinos, corded and repped merinos, wool satines, poplins, silks, and indeed all the new goods come in the new colors, which are only "ghosts of colors," yet are strangely attractive. Black is still worn by the most stylish people for street costumes, and indeed there are no colors, not even the invisible greens and navy blues, which match it in elegance.

ELEGANCE W. B.—You do not say whether you design your blue silk for an evening or street costume. If it is a very light blue, it would not do for street wear. Twenty yards is sufficient for a plain, trained evening dress, with a pretty tunic of the same. Blue silk fringe or white lace, either, would trim it prettily. Send for a catalogue of fall fashions, select the pattern you would prefer, and make your dress by it. It will be much more economical than trying to cut and make by guess or from a description. EMILY VERDEBY.

Short Stories from History.

The Beaver.—So much that is wonderful has been recorded of the beaver, that several intelligent writers have not scrupled to express a belief, that it possesses but little of that surprising sagacity and skill ascribed to it. One of them, Mr. Joseph Sansum, of New York, tells us, that in the deep recesses of Canadian forests, where the beaver is undisturbed by man, it is a practical example of almost every virtue, of conjugal fidelity and paternal care, of laborious, thrifty, frugal, honest, watchful and ingenious. He submits to government in the republican form, for the benefits of association; but is never known, in the most powerful communities, to make depredations upon his weaker neighbors. Wherever a number of these animals come together, they immediately combine in society, to perform the common business of constructing their habitations, apparently acting under the most intelligent design. The Indians were in the habit of prognosticating the mildness or severity of the ensuing winter, from the quantity of provisions laid in by the beavers for their winter's stock. Though there is no appearance indicating the authority of a chief or leader, yet no contention or disagreement is ever observed among them. When a sufficient number of them are collected to form a town, the public business is first attended to; and as they are amphibious animals, provision is to be made for spending their time, occasionally both in and out of the water. In conformity to this law of their nature, they seek a situation which is adapted to both these purposes.

With this view, a lake or pond, sometimes a running stream, is pitched upon. If it be a lake or pond, the water in it is always deep enough to admit of their swimming under the ice. If it be a stream, it is always such a stream as will form a pond that shall be every way convenient for their purpose; and such is their forecast that they never fix upon a situation that will not eventually answer their views. Their next business is to construct a dam. This is always placed in the most convenient part of the stream; the form of it is either straight, rounding, or angular, as the peculiarities of the situation require; and no human ingenuity could improve their labors in these respects. The materials they use are wood and earth. They choose a tree on the river side, which will readily fall across the stream; and some of them apply themselves with diligence to cut it through with their teeth. Others cut down smaller trees, which they divide into equal and convenient lengths. Some drag these pieces to the brink of the river, and others swim with them to where the dam is forming.

As many as can find room are engaged in sinking one end of these stakes; and as many more in raising, fixing and securing the other ends of them. Others are employed at the same time, carrying on the plastering part of the work. The earth is brought in their mouths, formed into a kind of mortar with their feet and tails, and this is spread over the intervals between the stakes, saplings and twigs, being occasionally interwoven with the mud and slime.

Where two or three hundred beavers are united, these dams are from six to twelve feet thick at the bottom; and at the top not more than two or three. In that part of the dam which is opposed to the current the stakes are placed obliquely; but on that side where the water is to fall over, they are placed in a perpendicular direction. These dams are sometimes a hundred feet in length, and always of the exact height which will answer their purposes. The ponds thus formed sometimes cover five or six hundred acres. They generally spread over grounds abounding with trees and bushes of the softest wood, maple, birch, poplar, willow, etc., and, to preserve the dams against inundation, the beaver always leaves sluices near the middle, for the redundant water to pass off.

SET THE BALL ROLLING!

One Hundred Thousand New Readers, at least, will "fall into line" and participate in the perusal of a story that will become the capital of a hundred future Frontier Tales, viz:

Death-Notch, the Destroyer!

As our "Wolf Demon" has already supplied the ideas and material for a half dozen "sensations" in other papers, so will this new Romance, by Oll Coomes, become a mint in which imitators and copyists will quarry. But, as there is only one true "Wolf Demon," so there will be but one "Death-Notch," and readers who would enjoy it should be careful to secure the First number of Oll Coomes' GREAT STORY OF THE WOODS AND WIGWAMS!

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosures, for such return. MSS. of any nature are not returned in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MSS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit, we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and cutting giving it its full size number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

The following contributions, for various reasons, could not be used, and return the same, where stamps were enclosed for such return, viz: "Avalanche Magsgrave," "Berlie's Tutor," "Mamie," "Prof. Short O'Brains' Proposal," "Only a Dream," "How He Won His Wife," "Marion Lytle," "A Detective's Story," "The Captivity of Sarah Mitchell," "Who Killed Tecumseh?" "Sketch of the Indians," "The Services of a Soldier," "The Question of 'Why Was It?'" "The Showman's Dilemma," "Susan Jane," "A Lover's Answer," "The Boat Race."

We will find place for "Under the Ice," "One Way of Keeping House," "Fond on the Cowcatcher," "The Spider and the Fly," "Mordant's Bride," "Edna's Opals," "On Condition."

We will report on the MSS. by C. B. C. next week. Also on the contributions by A. G. D. and the serial by H. F. F. The poems by K. T. B. are to await their "turn." They are good enough to keep. Carlos will not be answered at present. We shall have to investigate the matter before making up our opinion.

Once again we say to authors: Manuscript postage is full letter rate. Only absolute necessity can pass at the rate of one cent for each two ounces.

J. G. G. The Delaware Indians, once so great and powerful, are now reduced to a mere remnant. They have a reservation near the mouth of the Kearney and Leavenworth, and have become so "civilized" that they cultivate the soil, and have so mixed with the whites that there are not more than 300 pure Indians in the tribe, although the tribe nominally numbers 2500 persons, of all ages. They elect a chief each year.

A. J. Irvine, Dr. J. Robinson is dead. We do not know how you can obtain a photograph of his face.

R. Reynolds. Artists' colors are either "water" or "oil" colors. The first are to be had in boxes, from one to ten dollars per box. The second are sold in crude or mixed condition.

CAPTROL. The worms referred to can be eradicated by touching the spots either with tincture of iodine or spirits of turpentine.

B. M. If your sleep is disturbed there is some local nervous excitation. Alay that and you will sleep. Your watery eyes are doubtless due to the same exciting cause. Call no young lady by her given name unless you are on very familiar terms.

Mrs. B. T. Olive Logan is a married woman and lives in New York. Her book, "Get Them Behind Me, Satan," is by no means a "Woman's Rights Document," but a keen and deeply interesting series of chapters on Home Life, Love, Marriage, Girlhood, etc., etc. It is having a most excellent influence, we are glad to know.

HENRY Z. G. No person is qualified to write a Dime Novel, or any other kind of a novel, who is not well versed in the history of the country, and an ignorant person may, possibly, think out a good story, but if he cannot write it out in good phrase he is no author. Study, study, if you would become a writer.

ELLEN S. Yes; Mrs. E. V. B. will answer your inquiries, regarding fashions, etc., if they are not already answered in the "Woman's World." But, ask no frivolous questions.

Geo. J. J. If you expect to become a merchant, then study German, as highly essential in your business, and by all means pursue your mathematics up to Integral Calculus.

FRANK ELDER. We will answer your questions about gentlemen's Fall and Winter styles in the next number. We know that the gentler sex are always interested in the subject of "What to wear," whether for gentlemen or ladies.

LUCY A. Some ladies have not commenced to write for the press, or publish any of their writings till late in life. Harriet Martineau was one of the number of her books after she was sixty years of age.

GROOM. The fastest "running time" on record, was made by "Herzog" of a mile, even, in one minute forty-three and one-tenth seconds, and of four miles, by "Lexington," in seven minutes, nineteen and three-quarter seconds. The fastest "trotting time," in harness, by "Dexter," of one mile, in two minutes and seventeen and a half seconds. One mile under the saddle, two minutes and eighteen seconds, by "Dexter." "Pacing time," of one mile, under the saddle, two minutes and fourteen and a quarter seconds, by "Billy Boy." "Pacing time," to a wagon, one mile in two minutes and seventeen and a half seconds, by "Pochon."

HUNTER. Wolfeite is the Froquois Indian name for the American Elk.

PRINTERS. Types are mostly made by casting the metal in a mold, though some of the largest sizes are made from maple, mahogany and other woods.

ABRIL. The meaning of Abigail is, "my father's joy," in the Hebrew language.

HORTENSE. "Solomon of France" was the appellation conferred upon Charles V. King of France. R. A. L. Rebecca is the heroine of the novel of Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Ivanhoe," and one of his best female characters.

MARION. The term, "City of Magnificent Distances," is a name given to the City of Washington, in derision for its immense avenues and widely separated buildings.

DORA. The Forty Thieves are the characters of a celebrated story in the Arabian Nights, and they are represented as inhabiting a secret cave, the door of which opened and shut at the sound of the magic word, "Sesame," but at no other word.

M. M. S. The Agouti is an animal about the size of a large hare, found in South America and the West Indies.

JOHN BROWN. An Acetabulum is an antique vessel, shaped like a goblet, and used in ancient times for holding liquids.

SOTTENBER. "Turpentine State" is a popular nickname given to the State of North Carolina, as it produces large quantities of turpentine.

MISCHIEF. You are right in your supposition that "Tattle" is a character in Congreve's comedy "Love for Love." "Tattle" was a vain bragg, priding himself on his secrecy, and at the same time telling all he knew.

SAVANT. The "Wicked Bible" was a name given to the edition of the Bible published by Barker and Lucas, in the year 1638, because the word "not" was omitted in the Seventh commandment. School-arms. Neptune is the god of the sea, and was represented as bearing a trident for a scepter. He was the reputed son of Saturn and Ops.

COASTER. The "ricing" of a ship is a nautical term implying the ship's "tackle" or ropes.

INGENUITY. There is a method of printing on tin, now in use, for labeling boxes and other vessels. The colors adhere with such tenacity that the tin may be wrought in any shape after the printing is done.

TRAVELER. In Mahometan countries, pilgrims who have been to Mecca, are distinguished by green turbans, and have certain religious privileges, but are so apt to presume on their piety, that it has become a proverb, "If a man has been to Mecca once, watch him; if he does not sin again, and if he three times, move out of his neighborhood."

INQUIRE. "The City of Peace" is a name given to Jerusalem. In ancient times it was called Salem, then became the Jews' Sabbath-day city, and is now the city of the Jews.

HOUSEKEEPER. An excellent receipt for plain cake is, 1 cup of butter, 2 of sugar, 3 of flour, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of soda and one cup of sour milk.

MY BLINDNESS.

BY EDWARD JAMESON.

I know I'm blind, and cannot see
The glories of the earth and sky,
And that they must hereafter be
A mystery to my body's eye.
And oftentimes comes across my heart
With suddenness of arrowy dart
That dreary lingering sense of pain
That I shall never see again.

But straight this comfort comes to me,
To cheer my spirit's loneliness,
My mind has eyes that more can see,
For this, my body's sore distress.
And fancy comes, with healing wings,
To show me the diviner things
Which dwell within her bright domain,
Till I forget my life is vain.

And then my subtlety of touch,
Is dear to me as is your sight;
For I can learn, with surety, touch,
Of him who is my heart's delight.
And hearing makes divine his voice,
And tells me I can trust my choice;
And catch his footstep, though afar,
As if it were a clattering car!

So not all comfortless my lot,
But rather of great happiness,
For when I'm dead, and quite forgot,
Will I much matter, more or less?
Whether I saw with earthly vision?
And when among the "Felds Elysian,"
Shall not my soul's eyes see more bright,
For being here deprived of sight?

The Wronged Heiress:
OR,
The Vultures of New York.

A WEIRD ROMANCE OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE SPECTER," "WHO WAS SHE?" "BAMFLED: OR, THE DEBENHAM PROPHECY," "THE DANGEROUS WOMAN," "TWO LOVES," "KIRILAN DREYER'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

A SUCCESSFUL PLOT.

WHEN the afternoon of the next day came round, Het Bender ensconced herself in an easy-chair in her dingy sitting-room, where she awaited with no small degree of impatience, the arrival of her expected visitor.

She had the happy consciousness of knowing that Mabel Trevor was safe under lock and key, and that she was likely not only to make quite a sum of money out of her, but—which was far better in her present state of mind—she could consign the girl to a fate such as would satisfy even her revengeful wishes.

"It's worth the risk, all things considered," she muttered, thoughtfully. "Two hundred don't grow on every bush. I shouldn't get half that amount from Miles, and the trouble would be trebled."

Then she resolutely put away the images of the two ruffians who had consigned Mabel to her keeping. It only unnerved her to think of them. And the better to banish them from her mind, she fortified her spirits with a stiff glass of brandy.

The way was clear for the contemplated interview. She had so managed that the ballet-girls were all busily practicing in the dormitory when the hour of four came round. There was scarcely the probability of an interruption.

Punctual to the minute, Gilbert Belmont made his appearance at the door, and was conducted up the creaking staircase to her mistress's sitting-room by the faithful Peggy.

Old Het greeted him with a bob of her head, and a cunning grin.

"And so you've come to take a peep at your sweetheart, eh?" she said, sharply. "I told you I would come," returned Belmont.

"In course you did. You'll find I've told you the truth about the gal, too. She's as pretty as they are made, and no mistake."

Belmont shrugged his shoulders.

"Leave me to judge of that, my good woman."

"You shall see for yourself, and at once."

She rose, and hobbled toward the door. The young man followed her somewhat reluctantly.

"Where are you taking me?" he asked.

"To the gal's room, of course."

"She may not be pleased with the intrusion."

Vile as he was, Belmont shrunk from forcing his presence upon a pure-minded girl for so base an object.

"What matter?" grinned Old Het. "The vixen can't help herself. She's in our power; and then she can't do anything worse than to set up a wretched screechin', and I can soon put a stop to that."

Belmont did not feel like giving up the game at this early stage, and so he followed to the chamber of which Mabel Trevor was an enforced inmate.

Old Het noiselessly unlocked the door, and as noiselessly pushed it open.

Then, after having taken a single step into the apartment, she looked back suddenly and raised a warning finger to her lip.

"Hush!" she said, in a whisper. "The gal's asleep. We'd better not waken her."

"No, don't waken her," Belmont returned, in the same low tone.

The two advanced on their toes to the center of the apartment, where they paused; the old woman then pointed toward a couch that stood in one corner, and said, with a grin of triumph:

"Look there, will you? Pretty ain't no name for her! She looks like an angel jest let down from heaven."

Belmont's eyes followed the direction of her finger, and then he stood as if spell-bound, gazing at the glowing image revealed to his sight.

It was, indeed, a vision of entrancing loveliness. The sleeping girl lay on the couch with her head half-buried in the pillow, over which a wealth of rippling yellow hair flowed in wanton profusion.

The rosy lips were slightly parted, and a soft color, delicate as the pink in the heart of a sea-shell, suffused either cheek.

A gentle sigh heaved her bosom now and then, and two pearly drops had scarcely escaped from underneath the fringed lids of the closed eyes.

Even in sleep, evidently, she could not forget her unhappiness.

Belmont gazed on her like one entranced, for some minutes. At last he drew a deep breath.

"What do you think o' the gal?" grinned Old Het.

"She is perfect—incomparable!"

"He, he! You'd better make it three hundred, and so be sure of such a prize."

"Willingly."

"Good. That's like talkin'," and the hag smacked her lips. "Now, if you've looked your fill at the gal, come away and we'll talk business."

They quitted the chamber, and hastily crossed to Old Het's own sitting-room.

They had scarcely closed the door behind them, however, when a figure rose up from an angle of the passage where it had been crouching, and followed them.

It was Julia.

She did not enter the apartment, however, but paused at the door and applied her ear to the keyhole. The good-hearted girl suspected that mischief was brewing, and intended to learn the precise nature of it.

The two arch-plotters had seated themselves near the door.

"Now, Gilbert Belmont," Julia heard Old Het say, "let us proceed to arrange our plans."

"Hush!" cried the well-dressed rascal, in an angry tone of voice. "Don't mention my name, if you please, in this confounded hole."

"Humph. I'll be careful—you may rest assured o' that, my fine fellow. There's no eavesdroppin' around my premises."

"I don't believe in unnecessary risks."

"No more do I," returned Old Het.

"But we ain't runnin' any risks—leastwise you ain't. But enough o' that. Now we'll come to an understandin'. I'm to give up the girl to you for three hundred dollars. Is that it?"

"Yes."

"Dirt cheap, considerin' every thing. Why, if my part o' the transaction were to be found out, I'd have to slide for it."

"Maybe."

"I tell you that I would," growled the woman. "We must manage things mighty keeful. When do you reckon on takin' the gal away?"

Julia, on whom not a word of this conversation had been lost, actually held her breath to catch the reply. It came after a minute's silence.

"This very night."

"Good," chuckled Old Het. "Be on the watch at least an hour afore midnight. I'll manage to drop a key in the gal's room so that she'll be sure to see it. Of course she'll try to get away. Be ready to nab her the minute she leaves the house."

"Yes, yes."

"That's the best I can do. I don't dare work open-handed, you see. You are sure you understand every thing?"

"Perfectly."

"Where will you take the gal?"

"That's my business," returned Belmont, somewhat sharply.

"Of course."

"I don't mind telling you, however," he added. "I've got a snug little house up in Westchester county. It isn't far from the city, but she'll be safe enough there."

Julia waited to hear no more. Her bosom heaving with indignation toward the arch-plotters, she turned and fled along the passage, thinking to warn Mabel of her danger.

She found Peggy standing like a statue before the door of the locked chamber. She could not even call to the girl from without.

"What is the meaning of this extra vigilance?" she said to herself, in real perplexity. "Am I, or is anybody, suspected of sympathizing with that hapless captive?"

She was compelled to beat a hasty retreat and return to the dormitory.

Several times thereafter she ventured forth with the hope of being enabled to whisper a word or two through the keyhole—sufficient to put Mabel on her guard. But the door was always watched.

She found herself at her wit's end. Sometimes she was tempted to sally into the street and summon assistance of what-ever sort. But Old Het was cunning as the devil and would surely find means to circumvent her, even were she to do that.

It was better to wait, trusting in Mabel's God to take care of her.

So the hours went by. Julia would have made a last effort on returning from the theater that night, but Old Het hustled the girls into the dormitory with even less ceremony than usual, and locked the door upon them, as was her custom.

Let us now go back to the time when Gilbert Belmont took his departure.

After sitting in earnest meditation for some time, Old Het had filled a tray with eatables and proceeded to the chamber of her captive.

She found Mabel wide awake, on this occasion, and sitting dejectedly on the edge of the couch.

"Sulkin' still?" she snarled, setting down her tray. "Humph! You'll soon get over that, you vixen. You're havin' too easy a time of it, by far. I'll put you to work, tomorrow, if a dozen like Handsome Hal stand in the way. So you'd better make up your mind to it."

Mabel shuddered, but answered nothing.

Just as Old Het turned to leave the room, a key slid from her dress and fell almost noiselessly upon the floor. She went away without appearing to have become aware of her loss.

Mabel heard her fumbling for some minutes afterward outside the door, and finally she went away. She had evidently locked the door with a duplicate.

With a throb of joy, the deceived girl picked up the key and thrust it into the bosom of her dress.

As her cunning jailer had calculated, she had already determined to make a second attempt to escape if the key should prove available.

As on the previous occasion, she waited until the house was quiet, and the last of the ballet-girls had come in.

Then, having tested the efficiency of the key, she made a few hurried preparations and crept noiselessly from her chamber.

Scarcely venturing to breathe, she stole down the creaking staircase and reached the lower hall without interruption of any sort.

The key of the outer door was in the lock. Old Het had taken pains that it should be left there.

The bolt shot back after a little difficulty. The door-knob then yielded to her touch, and Mabel felt a waft of purer air strike upon her face.

Joy, joy; she was in the street again!

She turned to dart away. At the same instant a dark form rose up from beside the steps, and before she could utter a single cry, a heavy cloak was thrown over her head and shoulders.

Then she felt herself lifted up in a pair of brawny arms, borne a little distance, and pushed into a carriage of some sort.

CHAPTER XVI.

MISSING.

OLD HET WAS now fairly "in for it," as the saying goes.

Having once delivered up her charge to

the tender mercies of Gilbert Belmont, she could not safely neglect any means of concealing her treachery from Bill Cuppings and Miles.

It was a close game she had to play, but she was bold and bad enough to carry it through.

The morning subsequent to Mabel's unfortunate flight, Old Het took care not to visit the chamber of which the girl had been an enforced inmate until long after the breakfast was over.

On the occasion of this visit, she pretended to make the discovery of our heroine's escape.

Her first care was to send Peggy to search for Miles in the various low haunts he was known to frequent, and inform him of what had happened.

This, of course, was done, to disarm suspicion.

Afterward, she played the angry and disappointed fury to perfection, scolding and railing at everybody who came within the sound of her voice.

When Handsome Hal made his appearance, as usual, to look after the practicing of the dancing-girls, she met him with well-simulated anger.

"Curse you," she screamed, shaking her fist in his face, "what have you been up to?"

The good-looking rascal stared at her in dire amazement. He had not heard the news, as yet.

"What's wrong now?" he growled.

"What's wrong?" shrieked the virago. "Every thing's wrong, I tell you! I'm a ruined woman, and all along o' your cursed interference."

"Do compose yourself, you delectable queen of beauty, and tell me what has happened."

Old Het would never have endured such talk from anybody but Hal; he, however, was privileged to say what he pleased to her.

"As if you didn't know!" she retorted. "I s'pected how 't would end when you begun to be sweet on the gal. You've spirited her away, and Miles 'll make me answer for it."

Handsome Hal uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"You don't mean to say that Miss Trevor has escaped?" he cried.

"Yes, she's gone. And I know she never got away without help. Oh, my Apollo, how could you be so cruel? You've ruined her in the matter. Her only object was to divert suspicion from herself."

"No, he won't."

"Who's to hinder?"

"I will."

She threw out both her shriveled hands to him in a gesture of wild entreaty.

"Bring her back, my Apollo, bring her back!" she screamed. "That's the only way to set the matter all right with Miles. Bring her back, I say, or I'll not get a penny for my trouble, ever since the jade came under this roof."

Her accents were much more piteous than they would have been but for the fact that she knew Miles himself had just made his appearance with Peggy, and was standing near the door of the apartment in which this conversation was being held.

The villain's ugly face looked uglier than ever, so distorted it was with passion and disappointed hope.

Unless Mabel could be found, his scheme of enriching himself through her must, of necessity, come to naught.

"This is a pretty go," he growled, striding into the room. "What did you mean by letting that girl escape?"

Old Het turned into a well-acted start of surprise. "Ask him why he spirited her away," she exclaimed, immediately finding voice.

She pointed her finger as she spoke toward Handsome Hal.

Not that she expected or even wished Miles to believe that Hal had been concerned in the matter. Her only object was to divert suspicion from herself.

How could she do this better than by accusing somebody else of being in fault?

If Hal was likely to suffer any evil consequences, because of the accusation, she could manage to clear him, she thought, in time.

Miles shook her roughly by the arm. "What do you mean?" he growled.

"You know, as well as I do, that Hal was sweet on the gal," she answered.

"What is more natural than that he should have helped her off?"

"I know nothing of her," the young man asserted. "She didn't get any help from me. I've but just found out that she is missing."

Miles looked at him sharply and distrustfully. He could not forget the handsome scamp's very evident admiration of Mabel. It did look probable that he might have helped her to escape, in order to further his own base designs.

Hal bore his scrutiny without flinching, however. "Stare at me to your heart's content," he added, in a dogged tone of voice. "I've told you the truth. The girl was lovely as an houri, and I don't pretend to say that I wasn't just a little struck with her. But if she has fled from this house, it is without any assistance from me."

Much as he might have wished to doubt his word, Miles saw that he had spoken truly.

"The jade had help—I know she had help," whimpered Old Het. "I locked the door on her myself—and I'd swear to that."

"But she is gone."

"Yes, she is gone."

"Curse the luck," growled Miles.

"Curse the luck," echoed Het. "Now you won't pay me the money you promised for keepin' the gal for you."

Miles uttered a volley of curses.

"No, confound you! I'd sooner wring your neck, you old she-devil. And I may do it, too, if the girl isn't found."

These were rough words, and uttered roughly; but there was none of that fiendish fury in them that would have been there if he had suspected Old Het of treachery.

the old woman assured him that every one of the ballet-girls had been locked in the dormitory, as usual, at the time when Mabel must have left the house.

"Not one of them," she asserted, "could have helped the hussy off. If Handsome Hal didn't do it, it must have been the devil himself."

And so it was—a devil in the guise of a woman!

Miles reluctantly took his departure, after having spent considerable time in useless investigation—much to Old Het's secret relief.

She was delighted to escape so easily.

On leaving Slaughter-house Point, Miles crossed the river and took his way to Woodlawn.

It was of the first importance to acquaint Bill Cuppings with what had happened as soon as possible, since Mabel—for aught he knew to the contrary—might turn up at Woodlawn at any moment.

In that case, Mrs. Laundersdale would come to know of the deception he and Bill had practiced upon her, in pretending that they had killed Mabel.

Indeed, he now half-regretted having spared the girl's life.

Not caring to approach too near the house, on arriving at the gate leading into the grounds, Miles waited until a boy passed that way, and sent a message by him to his brother.

Bill Cuppings soon made his appearance, approaching the gate with a hasty stride.

"Something has happened, Miles, or you would not be here," he said, quickly and sharply, the instant he was within speaking distance.

"The very deuce is to pay," growled Miles.

"What do you mean?"

"Hasn't she been here?"

"Who?"

"Mabel Trevor."

"No," muttered Bill. "You don't mean to tell me that she's at large."

"But she is, though."

Bill gnashed his teeth with rage. "Tell me how it happened," he said, between his teeth.

Miles had soon told everything he knew. The two men looked at each other in angry perplexity for some minutes. Bill was the first to speak.

"What ought we to do to?" he asked.

"Don't know. Make a clean breast of it to Mrs. Laundersdale, perhaps, and get her help in hunting up the girl."

Bill shook his head. "You don't know my mistress so well as I do," he said, "or you wouldn't propose any thing of that sort."

"Perhaps not," returned the other, with a shrewd smile.

Bill noticed the smile, and thought of the secret understanding that existed between the two. But this was not the time to speak of that.

"Mrs. Laundersdale must not be told that the girl is living, so long as there is a possibility of keeping that fact from her," he said, in a decided tone of voice. "You and I must try our own skill in hunting her up before she does us mischief."

"Humph. We have not the slightest clue."

"No matter. We must find one."

"Providing that we can."

"Of course. Things have a bad look, at the best. But we won't give up so long as there's the slightest use in kicking."

"No," grunted Miles.

"Do you return to New York, and search for Mabel there. I will keep watch at Woodlawn, and see that she does not surprise us."

"Agreed," and Miles took his departure.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FORTUNATE MEETING.

WHILE these two wicked men were so earnestly bent on finding the lost girl that their own selfish interests might be furthered, there was one other person whose thoughts and energies were directed in the same way, though with a very different motive.

This person was the ballet-girl—Julia.

She had been reared among the off-scourings of the earth, and had had destitution, vice, and unblushing crime for daily companions. From her earliest infancy, being a waif and a castaway, she had listened to oaths instead of blessings, to curses instead of prayers.

Nevertheless, her heart had not been wholly corrupted, and Mabel, with her modest looks and gentle ways, had crept into the softest corner of it.

She alone knew that our hapless heroine had been abducted, and was in the power of Gilbert Belmont.

But, of herself, she was powerless to help her; and she dared not confide in any of her associates at Old Het's.

Her only resource was to find Philip Jocelyn and tell him her simple story.

But how was she to do that, knowing no more of him than the mere fact that there was such a person?

Through the day she reflected upon the subject during all her minutes of leisure, but could come to no decision.

At night she went as usual to the theater, where she shone a star among the jaded dancing-girls, with her bright, brunette beauty and piquant ways, and produced the usual sensation among the idlers of the side-scenes.

When the ballet was over, and she had put on her wraps to depart, she encountered near the stage door a young man with whom she had long been on terms of intimacy.

He, too, danced for a living. He was a gay, good-natured fellow, in whose bosom beat a much nobler heart than many of his associates gave him the credit of possessing.

His real name was Richard Morton; but from his wild, rollicking ways and carelessness of consequences, he was generally known among his comrades as Dick Daredevil.

"Good-evening, Miss Julia," he said, favoring the dancing-girl with a careless nod. "That *pas seul* of yours was beautifully done—beautifully!"

Julia stopped, and looked at him for a minute or two. She was not thinking of the compliment, though. It had suddenly occurred to her that Dick might be made useful. He went about a great deal, and knew hosts of people.

"Dick," she said, laying her hand on his arm, "why can't you walk home with me to-night?"

"I can," he answered, stepping quickly to her side, looking very well pleased.

Julia blushed, but it was not the time to be over-scrupulous about propriety.

Thus exhorted, Julia, without any further hesitation, related all that had transpired, so far as she herself was acquainted with the particulars.

"I know this Gilbert Belmont," said Philip, at the conclusion of her recital, "know him for a base, bad man."

He spoke quite calmly, seeking to stifle the agony that stirred his soul. He felt strangely perplexed by the story to which he had just listened. He felt thoroughly convinced that Mrs. Laurensdale's tools had played her false in some manner; since it was not possible that she and Belmont were hand and glove to each other.

Honor among thieves! Pah! There is no such thing. Where interest ends, there, too, is an end to honor.

And so reasoned Philip Jocelyn.

He knew that a strange and most intricate game was being played.

Who held the winning cards? Time, alone, could answer that question.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 130.)

Pearl of Pearls: OR, CLOUDS AND SUNBEAMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "HOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "FLAMING TALESMAN," "BLACK CURSICENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII. THE PHYSICIAN'S GREAT LOSS.

AGAIN we take the reader back to the city of London, and to the night of the duel fought in the quiet retreat of Lord Chauncy's spacious grounds.

The worthy physician who had been called in as a party to the affair rode off in high glee, after carefully covering up all sign of the presence of his ghastly charge.

"Aha!" he broke forth, giving the reins a jerk, and smiling complacently, "a good arrangement this—very good! A lucky affair—very lucky! Ahem—m—m!" (with another jerk) "a fine corpse—very fine! A good subject—an admirable dissection—laugh! a valuable skeleton. Theophilus Thump—you vagabond!—you're a fortunate man!"

And as he drove on, along the byway, he thought and muttered, smiling and chuckling, and congratulating himself upon being called in and favored by the nobleman.

The bargain had been that Doctor Theophilus Thump should have a dead body to carry away from the dueling ground—no matter who fell.

Turning into a narrow road that led up to the gateway of his residence, he gave his thoughts vent for a second time, as he saw the glimmer of a light from a window in the upper story.

"Aha!" Theophilus Thump, you're a remarkably fortunate man. Now, what would my fat little wife say, if she only knew what a sociable companion I've got in here, eh? Ha! ha! look the door on me, no doubt. Yes, my dear—sleep on; let the light burn; I've business to perform. No sleep for me—oh, no! Eh? what's that, now?"

He started and listened. He was sure he heard a sound, something like a groan, a strained sigh, though it was very faint.

He leaned forward, and glanced out at the side of his gig.

The road was lone and silent, and though every object was distinctly visible in the moonlight, he saw neither beast nor human.

"Wonder what it was? Eh?—bless my heart! There it is again."

The nervous little doctor looked suspiciously at the white posts of the fence and listened anew.

Suddenly his jaws fell. His face paled, and the fingers that held the reins clutched the latter rigidly. His eyes stared widely, and he sat like one petrified.

Another low, half-moaned groan.

There was a frantic scramble, an agile leap, and Theophilus Thump, dropping the reins, landed on the "dash" of the gig, with chair on end, and whole appearance that of a man amazed, terrified, incredulous and anxious to escape the clutch of an imaginary ghost.

The horse stopped abruptly, nearly pitching Thump headlong out, and while the medical worthy struggled to recover his balance, he squealed:

"Hello, here! Lord bless my heart! Aren't you DEAD?"

Horace Rochestine's eyes were gazing at him with a bewildered, vacant stare; and their owner asked, faintly:

"What has happened? Where am I?"

"What the devil do you mean, sir?" cried Thump, snappishly. "I thought you were certainly dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes, sir, 'dead'! I was going to cut you into pieces within half an hour—and here you've spoiled all my calculations. You're a nice fellow! Demmy, sir, you've no more consideration for the progress of medical science than if there was no need of it!"

Horace Rochestine was far from being a dead man.

Lord Chauncy's sword had penetrated the right side, glanced upon a rib, and emerged at the back, beneath the shoulder-blade, producing a wound, severe but not necessarily dangerous; and the shock to the system had caused a temporary insensibility that was mistaken for death, considering the circumstances under which it was occasioned.

But the physician's disappointment quickly wore itself out, and he applied himself, now, to the important task of preserving a human life.

Instead of a subject for dissection, he had secured a rich patient.

Horace Rochestine was carefully nursed at the house of Theophilus Thump, who, when he had ascertained the nature of the wound, saw that the patient, who possessed a strong constitution, would soon recover.

And as he lay upon his couch, he had opportunity to review all that had happened.

Under affliction, our improper courses in life are maintained before us; and it is then, if ever, that our conscience manufactures its own censure, and discovers the hitherto smothered voice of our better nature.

In the silence of the bedroom, he thought of that wife in America, toward whom he had acted so basely, for it can not be called otherwise; and of his child—of Pearl, who, unknown to him then, was to suffer so much through his faithlessness and sheer desertion.

Golden resolves formed within him during those lone hours; and from the bottom of his now changed heart, he cursed the in-

fatuation which had led him to deviate from the path of right and honor, and which had wrought his present condition of helplessness.

"I've news for you!" exclaimed Thump, a few days after the duel, as he sat by the side of his rapidly-improving patient.

"What is it?"

"Your rival, Lord Chauncy, has had a very narrow escape."

"How?"

"Pretty near had his life stamped out, that's all!" said Thump, with a long breath.

"Explain."

"Aha! that's just it—'explain.' Do it if you can. That's what we're after. We want an explanation—if we can get it. Lord Chauncy was found by his valet, lying in bed, almost strangled to death—at first it was thought that he was dead. But—lucky vagabond!—he still lives. Poor fellow! he's been terribly deceived, too."

"Deceived? How? Doctor, you are exciting me."

"Am I? 'Um! Keep cool—keep cool. You know Estelle Berkely."

"I believe I do," with a bitter curl of the lip.

"Well, Lord Chauncy was to have married her soon. He made a will, leaving nearly everything to her, in it. On the night of the attempted murder, this will was found on the stairway, between the library and the lower hall; and Estelle Berkely, she—"

"Yes—Estelle Berkely."

"She had disappeared."

"She gone?"

"That's the rub. Lord Chauncy nearly killed—Estelle Berkely missing—the will found on the stairway—see, eh, see?"

"Very suspicious," said Rochestine, thoughtfully.

"Rather. And the authorities are after her."

"Ah!"

"They traced her to Liverpool—found that she'd gone to America. Detectives are now on the track. See?"

"Deceitful, treacherous woman!" he exclaimed, and his words meant more to the other imagined.

Horace Rochestine recovered in a remarkably short time, and with his returning strength, he determined to return at once to his native land, and communicated that determination to the physician.

"More news!" exclaimed Thump, coming in one day, while Horace was in the parlor, conversing with the estimable wife of the doctor.

"Well?" said Rochestine, inquiringly.

"Your friend, Percy Wolfe, is in a confounded difficulty, that's all."

"Ha! Wolfe in trouble!—what mean you?"

"Easy. Don't excite yourself. You see, facts are, your sudden disappearance has been remarked. That 'remark' has assumed the proportions of a universal inquiry. The authorities are into it, and they want to know why Percy Wolfe left London in such a hurry."

"This never struck me before—"

"Me neither," broke in Thump.

"I must set the suspicions at rest, immediately. Wolfe is a good, tried friend, and he must not suffer on my account. I'm off to-morrow, doctor."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes. I have no time to spare."

And, on the day following, in company with Thump, he made his existence and safety known to the authorities; after which, he shook hands in farewell with the medical gentleman—then bade adieu to the scenes that were distasteful to his sight, and renounced the associations that had ever been unpleasant, even though he had striven to make them otherwise.

In due time he was on the deck of a steamship destined to his native shore; and soon he was speeding forward on that eager trip that was to reunite him with the loved things his heart so yearned for.

As he stood looking over the bulwark, into the rippling, waving depths of green, he murmured to himself:

"England! farewell forever. America! my home! wife! child! I am coming to you for forgiveness!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.
THE LONG TRAIL.

PERCY WOLFE, instead of leaving Baltimore for the West, with his sister, on their errand of justice, went out on the 10:40 P. M. train for New York, under close guard.

Gentlemen," he said, protestingly, as the cars moved away from the city, "I tell you there is some great mistake here. I am not guilty of any thing wrong toward Horace—toward Herod Dean."

"Never knew a rascal, yet, but what he was ready to swear himself innocent as a baby," grunted Brand.

The young man flushed.

"I am no rascal!" he exclaimed with vehemence.

Brand looked at him in a peculiar way.

"Suspicion is rather a stubborn thing," said Hardress, dryly.

"Tell me—what can it all mean?"

"Plain as a stump speech," answered Brand. "Herod Dean disappeared from the city of London. He was a man too well known not to be missed; and as there couldn't be found any cause for his voluntary departure, without a word of warning to even his most intimate friends, why, the authorities suspected foul play—and I don't blame 'em."

"I am an American, and an honest man—" began Percy, with warmth; but Brand interrupted him.

"Can't help it if you're a Hong Kong peddler—nor if you're twice as honest as you think you are. Biz is biz all the world over. But, mind, I didn't say it was believed that you'd done any thing to the man who was your room-mate, I only said you were wanted. And as I'm not judge or jury on the case—merely a deputy—I don't care to argue it one way or the other," the last in a tone that plainly meant, "There's no use in saying any more about it."

Wolfe relapsed into silence. He fully comprehended the unfortunate state of affairs.

Should he make known the fact of his participation in the duel, in which he believed his friend to have been killed? But, what use? these men, who were simply obeying the law, would not credit his story; or, if they did, they could not release him. And, besides, he had sworn not to reveal what he knew. "If the worst comes, though," he reasoned, inwardly, "I must violate my oath of secrecy. Lord Chauncy must be made to testify—and the physician also. But, in the mean time, I will be taken to London—there is no help for it. And

what will become of Nellie? Pearl? Ah! how unfortunate."

These thoughts were torturous beyond expression.

Upon their arrival in New York, the detectives repaired at once to headquarters, to report on their success, and telegraph to London.

Imagine their surprise when a telegram from London was handed them, which read:

"Herod Dean found. No case. He left here yesterday for New York."

Brand and Hardress congratulated their prisoner on the happy turn, and quickly released him.

"Herod Dean found!" exclaimed the young man, as he stared in blank amazement at the words of the telegram.

He could scarce believe his eyes.

Had he not seen Horace Rochestine fall dead beneath the sword-blade of Lord Chauncy? It was strange, very strange, to him.

But the telegram was dated a good way back. It had lain there a long time, waiting for the parties to whom it was addressed. The officials in New York had telegraphed to Brand and Hardress, at several points, after its receipt, but, through some fate, the detectives never received the notice—never being at the different points when the successive messages came.

More, the telegram said that the missing man was on his way to America. Glancing again at the date, Wolfe saw that his friend—/all this was true—was, at that moment, due in New York.

It is impossible to describe his feelings as he waited the arrival of the overdue steamship.

And when Horace Rochestine did come, and the two faithful friends met, it was a meeting easier to be imagined than depicted in words.

Explanations were many. In a short space, the husband was made aware of the plot that was progressing round his home, and then, like two thirsty hounds loosed from the leash, they sprang to pursuit of the man who was so treacherously betraying the confidence that had been reposed in him.

Wolfe wanted Brand and Hardress to accompany and aid him. But these worthy gentlemen had received orders, to join Sales—the detective they had met in Baltimore—in his search after Estelle Berkely.

They said they had "a piece of new work on hand," but Wolfe engaged them to search for Pearl Rochestine, after they had finished up what was then demanding their attention.

Then, with hearts eager and beating in stern purpose, the two reunited friends started westward on the track of Claude Paine.

CHAPTER XXIX.
THE BIRTH OF THE SUNBEAMS.

WE return to Claude Paine, whom we left standing in the doorway of his apartment, at the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, scowling in angry astonishment as he read, from the card just handed him, that name whose owner he hated and feared simultaneously.

The rustle of Nellie's dress, as she approached him, drew his attention from the card.

"You here!" he cried, amazedly.

"Yes, Claude Paine, I am here. When I saw you last, I told you we might meet again. We have met, you see."

"What do you mean by that tone?" he demanded, catching a significance in her words.

"I have followed you, Claude Paine, all the way from Baltimore," Nellie said, quickly. "I have been upon your track, wherever you went—"

"For what purpose?" he interrupted, harshly.

The servant had drawn back a pace, and was staring with mouth agape.

"To wreak the punishment of justice, in two causes: first, for attempting to rob Pearl Rochestine of her inheritance; second—oh! monstrous villain that you are!—for sending my sister, Diamond, broken-hearted to her grave—"

"Why, Miss Byrne!—you here? Claude?—and frowning? This is strange; what does it mean?" The voice was Isabel Rochestine's.

"Madam," said Nellie, with an assumption of graceful haughtiness, "I am about to expose the villain you have seen fit to bestow your love upon."

Isabel frowned. Claude Paine smiled smugly, and displayed his white, regular teeth beneath his fine mustache, as he asked:

"And pray, madam, or Miss, how do you expect to prove all this foul slander upon me?"

"I believe the girl is crazy!" whispered Isabel, clinging to his arm.

"Undoubtedly!" he indorsed, with emphasis.

"No, madam, I am not crazy!" exclaimed Nellie; and she added, fixing her eyes piercingly on Paine: "You ask me how I will prove this? You shall learn soon enough. Now, if you're not a coward, such as your past actions would seem to stamp you, then answer the summons of that card you hold in your hand. Go, sir—face him, if you dare. He is my brother, and the brother of that trusting girl whose love you won, that you might throw it away. Ah! you turn pale! Go, sir—see him, if you have the courage; you'll find him an honest man, and one who knows how to deal with a scoundrel!"

One fierce, momentary glance, that burned with all the savage hate capable to his evil heart, Claude Paine bestowed upon the girl who so defiantly confronted him.

Never till then had it struck him that the Percy Wolfe who was on his track was the brother of Diamond Wolfe, she who had fallen victim to his passions in past years.

This realization, added to his already perilous situation, was sufficient to effectually frighten any ordinary man from the dangerous ground. But Claude Paine was bold as well as hazardous by nature, and far from being terrified by the gripings of that cowardice, characteristic of the meaner class of his kind, when suddenly met by obstacles and fearful odds.

Nellie, after the delivery of her stinging speech, turned and hurried in the direction of the parlor.

"Claude, this is all very strange; who is it wishes to see you?"

"That mysterious individual who called to see you in Washington—Percy Wolfe."

Not the slightest evidence of a disturbed mind; he was calm as the air of a tomb.

"Is it possible? What can he want?—that he should follow us about? I am

inclined to believe he is some stray lunatic, after what he said to me about Horace's having sent his will over so long ago, and no sign of it yet."

He bowed acquiescingly.

"I've a notion not to see him," he said.

"Oh, yes; for mercy's sake, grant him an interview. Let us find out his errand and be rid of him. Come, I will accompany you."

"But his errand may be dangerous to our love, Isabel."

"How?" she inquired, unsuspectingly.

"He may have some outrageous story prepared for your ears—one intended to ruin your love for me. Whatever it may be, I assure you it is all a vile plot against my honor. In fact, I am partially aware of such a plot being in existence."

"Come, let us go and see him. Depend upon it, Claude, if he touches upon any thing reflecting wrong upon you, I will order him from my presence—and so we will be rid of him for all time hereafter."

Again Claude Paine bowed, and there was a peculiar, triumphant twitching of the mouth's corners, as they proceeded toward the parlor.

He felt secure in imagining that nothing could affect this proud, beautiful woman's love for him.

But at the parlor door they paused. A tableau, unexpected as it was startling, met their gaze—and its center was Horace Rochestine.

Isabel was as if turned to stone. All color fled from her face, and her large, lustrous eyes dilated in a half-wild, incredulous stare.

Upon Claude Paine the effect was electrical. A single sharp, hissing oath burst from his lips, and he dashed off along the corridor, running at the top of his speed.

As he bounded down the stairway, he collided with a man who was just then being "shown up" by one of the waiters.

It was Derrick.

"Hello, Paine!—what's up? Satan after you?"

"Worse!" cried the chagrined villain.

"The cake's dough! Rochestine is upstairs, and there's the very Old Harry to pay!"

"P-h-e-w!"

The two left in quick time. The first train going out—we forget which way—took the two plotters among other passengers, and they have not been seen since.

We will not attempt to describe the scene of re-union between husband and wife; nor to depict Isabel's astonishment when she learned the true character of the man to whom she had yielded up her heart in her supposed widowhood.

But all was explained, all was forgiven; and to-day, once more in their old home at Washington, with many of the tried servants restored to their familiar places, she is less a woman of the world, and loves her husband as she might never have loved him, had it not been for the lesson taught her by her narrow escape from the perpetration of a crime.

The old house in Washington looks, as it was ever wont—for Pearl, too, was there—Pearl, the bright, sunny fairy of old, around whose life there hovered for a time the somber clouds of woe. She is happy as in those days before the first fall of sorrow came.

The meeting between father and child is another subject for the reader's imagination; and let it be one of the brightest pictures of joy that ever warmed the bosom or made wet the eye!

Miss Byrne (Nellie Wolfe) is with her former pupil—no longer a mere governess; for Horace Rochestine, when he learned that Percy really had no definite home in view, would not hear of any thing but that his tried, faithful friend should live with him. The two men have grown to be brothers.

Nellie, with her disposition of sweet gentleness, was quick to forgive all the unkind thrusts she had endured from Isabel, and the two women are like loving sisters.

Pearl had been restored to her father and mother by Brand and Hardress, the two detectives.

When they had arrested Estelle Berkely, they had distinctly heard the name she used in addressing Pearl. It was enough. In due time the child was brought to those who loved her, and whom she so dearly loved.

Estelle Berkely had not been taken away further than New York. A second dispatch, just received, was handed to the detectives, ordering her release.

The guilty party in the strangling affair was Lord Chauncy's valet—and the object was robbery, which he accomplished. The fellow had just died and had made a confession ere his life went out.

But Estelle Berkely has disappeared from society—perhaps is living in obscurity, or is dead without our knowledge.

The sunbeams are pouring through the clouds!

And now to Pearl, the child of beauty with a heart of gold, we say farewell—wishing for her all the blisses that gem a life of happiness whose brimming pleasures may not fade, whose earthly future may be bright, and feasting in the noble attributes of glorious womanhood!

THE END.

Double-Death:
OR,
THE SPY QUEEN OF WYOMING.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.
BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,
(LAUNCE PONTNE.)

AUTHOR OF "THE RED HAJAH," "THE KNIGHT OF THE RUBIES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.
AT HEAD-QUARTERS.

A SHORT, stout man, in a rich scarlet uniform, that proclaimed him a general officer in the British service, was seated at a table in a house at the bottom of Broadway, looking out of a window toward the mouth of the bay. A tall and exceedingly handsome and elegant-looking officer stood respectfully near him, as if awaiting orders.

The room was one of those large, comfortable and intensely respectable ugliness, that were the rule in New York in those days, and whereof a few specimens even now linger here and there in some localities.

A large sea-coal fire burned in the old-fashioned grate, for the day was intensely cold, as New York always is under the influence of a "north-wester" such as was then blowing.

"What schooner's that, major?" asked the stout General, pointing to a small

schooner lying at her moorings by the Battery, rocking heavily. "I didn't see her there this morning."

"She only came in when we were at dinner," Sir Henry," answered the major.

"That's the Sea Gull, sir. You remember hearing guns at Sandy Hook this morning? 'Twas the Sea Gull running the blockade, sir."

"Humph! humph!" said Sir Henry Clinton, for he it was. "Sea Gull, eh? Letters from our friend Gustavus, I suppose, eh, major?"

"I have just received one, sir," responded the officer. "We were right about the person. John Barbour and the Queen of our Secret Agents have both been shadowing him, and have indubitable proofs at last, that it is none other than the major-general who gave poor Burgoyne such trouble a year or two ago. By-the-by, General, Miss Lacy has sent word that she desires to wait on you. She arrived the day before yesterday."

"Humph! humph!" again grunted the baronet. "Seems to me, Andre, that you manage all these spies to please yourself. Why the deuce didn't you tell me about Miss Lacy before? I want to see her at once. Send a messenger for her."

"Very good, General," said the adjutant-general of the British forces wheeled about with military precision, and left the room.

Sir Henry Clinton was a very ordinary man, with but little talent, raised by good luck to a position above his abilities. His fat, red face gave little token of any thing beyond the mediocrity of a regimental quartermaster. But Sir Henry Clinton was very fond of employing spies, and really imagined himself a second Richelieu in astuteness. Miss Charlotte Lacy, an ardent Royalist of very great talents and wealth, had been raised by him from a variety of causes, to the position of chief of the detective service, with a vast number of agents in her employ, and the control of all the subsidies of money, then deemed so necessary in warfare, besides the presents given from year to year to the Indians. She had earned her position by her devotion to the royal cause, and the valuable intelligence she had frequently sent in. Her beauty, no doubt, was a considerable element in her favor with Sir Henry, for like most men of his build and face, the baronet was of a strongly amative temperament.

He remained looking out of the window at the schooner, half musing, half muzzy—for it was after dinner, and Sir Henry always finished his bottle of port at that meal—till Major Andre's return roused him from his somewhat confused reflections.

"Who owns the Sea Gull, Andre?" he abruptly inquired then.

"Mr. John Barbour, the Albany lawyer, who had all his property confiscated, and who has been one of our most valuable secret agents in Philadelphia," replied the major. "He has a pass from us to come and go freely about here. Sir Henry, he's managed to procure one from the American Commander-in-chief himself, through our friend Gustavus."

The British General seemed to be greatly amused at this relation, for he laughed heartily. Then he inquired:

"And Miss Lacy—where is she?"

"If I mistake not, this is her carriage, now," said Andre, as the rumble of wheels became audible at the door. "I sent a mounted orderly, full speed, to her house, and I know her carriage has been waiting the messenger for over an hour."

The major was right. The clatter of the orderly dragoon in waiting was heard down the hall, the door flew open, and the orderly announced in a loud voice:

"Miss Lacy and Mr. Barbour!"

"Mr. Barbour, Mr. Barbour!" muttered Sir Henry, irritably. "What the deuce is Mr. Barbour to me? I didn't want Mr. Barbour."

The next moment he was mollified by the appearance of the lovely face and figure of Charlotte Lacy, who came in dressed in the richest costume of that splendidly dressed era, followed by Everard Barbour, who remained modestly retired.

Miss Lacy advanced, with the high-bred ease and grace that seemed innate in her. She made a sweeping courtesy in return for Sir Henry's low bow, and permitted the gallant baronet to kiss her hand with perfect graciousness.

"Fairest Miss Lacy," said Sir Henry, in the grandiloquent fashion of the time, "you are a most welcome sight to your poor slave's eyes. You bestow goodness from every line of your beautiful face."

"Thanks, General," she answered, smiling. "I have, indeed, brought good news, and a good friend to his majesty's service. Major Andre has, no doubt, told you part of my news already. We have found Gustavus, and I have seen him face to face. He will soon be ours, General. All he wants is a good stiff price, and that I have promised him in your name."

"The promise shall be ratified," said Sir Henry, graciously. "Upon my honor, Miss Lacy, you are worth a dozen men to find out secrets. And who is this young gentleman?"

"The son of Mr. John Barbour, whom your Excellency knows. Till a week ago he was aide-de-camp to—whom think you?—to Gustavus! To-day he has returned to his duty and his king, and desires employment in his majesty's forces. General, I have promised it to him. Will you keep my promise?"

Charlotte Lacy seemed to be radiant with triumph at the final success of her plans. Everard mentally swore that she had never looked so beautiful before. Sir Henry Clinton, on his part, was unusually pleasant and gracious, for him. His manner was ordinarily very gruff and distant, making him quite unpopular among troops and citizens, but to-day seemed to have changed him. The news made him as radiant as Charlotte.

He grasped Everard's hand, shook it warmly, and said:

"You are welcome to his majesty's service, Mr. Barbour. Those repentant ones who abjure their errors as you have, and are ready to atone them by fighting on the right side, his majesty is always ready to pardon and reward. I promised your father a commission for a friend of his, in the Queen's Rangers. You shall have it, sir. Colonel Simcoe is going to review them here this very afternoon, so that you may see how you like your future comrades. You can see them from that window, for the first bugle has sounded already."

With that Sir Henry made a short, half-polite, half-imperative wave of the hand, as much as to say:

"Don't bother me any more. Good-morning, sir."

Everard found himself dismissed without an opportunity to say a word, while Sir Henry drew Miss Lacy to the further end of the room and engaged her in a long and mysterious conversation. The young man had nothing to do but obey Sir Henry's indication, and saunter to the window, where he stood looking down on the open expanse of the Bowling Green, then used as a drilling-place. Opposite to him was the wall of Fort George, the gates flanked by sentries in scarlet uniforms.

As Everard looked, the tears came to his eyes. He thought of the simple blue and yellow of his old companions, and wondered if he should ever see them again. He had entered the enemy's country, and was about to enter their service, resolved to escape the first opportunity, and turn his acquired knowledge to his country's service; but the part of spy revolted him, and he had to begin it.

He stood by the broad window, looking down, and presently the sound of a cavalry bugle, blowing "To horse," struck his ear. The British signals were the same as those used by the Continentals then.

Soon he saw the sidewalks begin to be lined with rows of gazers, looking up Broadway, as if at something coming down, and he stretched his neck to see. Before long the form of a mounted officer came into view, and the band over at Fort George simultaneously struck up "God Save the Queen," while the people on the sidewalks cheered faintly. Everard could see that British troops, occupying New York had not *loquized* the inhabitants to any great extent, although they liked to see the brilliant parades.

He turned his eyes again up the street, and beheld the head of a column of cavalry, of most soldierly appearance, marching down six abreast, in better order than he had ever seen before.

Their uniform was remarkably picturesque, being in the beautiful and romantic hussar fashion of dark-green cloth, barred with black; the hanging jacket, trimmed with fur, slung gallantly over the left shoulder. The men all carried carbines and pistols as well as sabers, and their snow-white cords, and polished Hessian boots with black tassels, were the perfection of neatness and natty completeness.

The horses all seemed to step together, and the dressing of the sections of six was absolute perfection, as Everard was forced to acknowledge to himself.

"Well, Mr. Barbour," said a voice close beside him, "do you think that General Washington has any better cavalry among his men than the Queen's Rangers? How do you like your future comrades, sir?"

Everard turned and beheld the handsome, smiling face of Major Andre.

"They are fine troops, sir," he answered, gravely. "Our men fought them at Germantown the year before last, and beat them."

Andre smiled. "And since then Colonel Simcoe has made soldiers out of recruits. Let us go down, sir. I will introduce you to Colonel Simcoe."

CHAPTER XXVII.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

We must pass over a period of more than a year, and bring the reader to the summer of the year 1780, when a small party of cavalry in the dark and handsome uniform of the Queen's Ranger Hussars, were riding slowly along a narrow country lane in the vicinity of Paulus Hook (now Jersey City). The men were all stout, active young fellows, who rode with their carbines at the "advance," the butt resting on the hip, while their keenly observant look, scanning the fields on every side, announced that they were scouting in dangerous ground. They rode in a small, compact body, with a single vedette about two hundred paces in front, and another the same distance in the rear, while two more occupied the flanks, and kept a wary look-out through the fields.

Along with the advanced vedette rode a young officer, whose handsome dress bore the gold-lace adornments of a captain, on the sleeves. It was none other than Everard Barbour, to all appearance an active partisan officer of the British, by this time.

The country around them was flat and rich, the fields heavily loaded with wheat, nearly ripe for the sickle, while patches of wood here and there, scattered thickly over the face of the country, showed how lately it had been reclaimed from the forests that once covered it.

The young captain was out on a scout on the extreme right of the British forces, which had recently landed near Elizabethport, and were advancing on Washington's forces at Morristown. The country between them seemed to be entirely deserted, and the few houses the scouting-party had met with, were empty of people. Everard looked anxious and careworn. For over a year he had been trying to make his escape, and had been so closely watched as to render it impossible. During all the time subject to the subtle influence of Charlotte Lacy, and believing Marian Neilson false, he had been sorely tempted to make his desertion *real*; and yet some lingering sentiment of suspicion that all was not true that he had been told, kept him faithful. He was not even engaged to be married to Charlotte, spite of his father's constant urgings and the open encouragement given him by the lady.

And now, at last, convinced of his fidelity to their cause, the British Generals had trusted him out on a reconnaissance with a portion of his own troop, to ascertain the location of some light troops of the enemy, said to be hovering between Morristown and Paulus Hook.

"There goes a rebel, captain!" said the advanced vedette, suddenly, pointing across a field to the left front.

Everard looked, and beheld a man on a black horse, dressed in the pale half-frock of his old friends, Morgan's Rangers, galloping at an easy pace across a flat in plain view, making for a wood to the right. The young captain reined up his own magnificent animal, a perfect thoroughbred, and put him at the low, snake fence at the side of the road.

"Wait for me, boys," he said, briefly, and dashed across the field toward the strange horseman.

He had formed a plan of escape already. The stranger did not appear to be at all alarmed at the approach of a single enemy.

On the contrary, he deliberately turned his horse toward the rail fence which still separated them—for he was one field off—unslinging the short rifle at his back, and threw it into the hollow of his left arm, as if not deigning to shoot.

Everard drew a pistol as he came, and imitated his companion's motion. He, too, rode up to the fence, and gazed across it, with almost doubting eyes, upon the face and form of Double-Death, the scout!

Tim knew him at a glance, though Everard was far the most altered of the two. The Irishman's face gathered into a stern frown, and he looked grim and joyful at the same time, as he said:

"So, Mister Barbour, I've met ye at last, have I?"

"You have indeed, Tim," said Everard, sadly; "and I suppose, like the rest, you think me a traitor and turn-coat?"

"Bedad, I don't *think* it, at all," said Tim, sternly. "Didn't I know it when ye deserted poor Miss Marian, the angel, for the beautiful she-devil, the Spy Queen, as they call her? By the howly Cross, Mister Barbour, ye did a foolish thing to gallop here to mate me to-day."

"You're wrong, Tim," said Everard, quietly. "I carry my life in my own hand, and a pistol is as good as a rifle here."

"Maybe yes, maybe no," said Tim, still frowning. "What did ye come here for, anyway? Is it to ask if Miss Marian's alive? She is, no thanks to you, ye traitor."

"I supposed as much," said Everard, stung by the scout's tone. "I hope she enjoys the society of her husband, Black Eagle. I have heard all about their precious marriage."

Tim looked half angry, half puzzled, as he said:

"Black Eagle! What the devil are ye talkin' about? Black Eagle was kilt at the Chemung, a year ago, and Tim Murphy's the b'y that shot him."

"And I suppose that his widow is quite ready to be consoled," said Everard, sneeringly. "I wonder you don't make love to her, Tim?"

"Widdy! Black Eagle, is it? Sure he left none," said Tim, simply. Astonishment seemed to be taking the place of anger for a while.

"Well then, call her Marian Neilson," said Everard, impatiently. "Why don't you marry her, if you're so fond of her?"

"Is it me, now?" asked Tim. "Sure and I haven't a chance. If she hadn't 'a' made me promise not to hurt ye, ye'd 'a' been a dead man afor now, Mister Barbour. And I'm thinking she's just a fool to care for ye at all, after ye've been and courted the Jezebel Spy Queen for two years."

Everard started.

"Stop, Tim," he said, in trembling tones. "Do you mean to tell me that Marian Neilson has not been married all this time to Black Eagle, chief of the Senecas, as I was told?"

"Who could ye?" demanded Tim, fiercely. "He's a lyin' son of a say-cook, that what he is, the man that told ye. Didn't I risk my life for ye from the claws of Black Eagle, two years ago, and didn't the purty creature kape me from killin' him, and he 'near dyin' then? Marry an Injun, bedad! Have ye no better story than that to hide yer trason behind, Mister Barbour?"

Everard did not notice Tim's last words.

"Will you swear that Marian is true, and has been true to me all this time?" he asked, eagerly.

"And more's the pity," said Tim, sulkily. "Yes, she is."

"Then thank Heaven I am not too late!" ejaculated Everard.

"Too late!" said the scout, in surprise. "What I've made?"

"I mean that I am not the traitor you have supposed me," said Everard.

"Not a traitor?" and Tim Murphy's countenance lightened up. "Prove that, lieutenant, and Tim Murphy'll be the proud b'y this day. But no, ye can't. Ye're only foolin' me. Can ye deny the bloody British uniform?"

Everard drew a letter from his breast.

"Look here, Tim," he said. "If ever you loved me in the past, and if ever you loved America, take this letter to General Washington. It is too long a story to tell now, but I am not the traitor I seem. A terrible danger menaces this country from a quarter you little expect, and this letter contains the proofs of treason in one so near to the Commander-in-chief that he does not believe it possible now."

Tim took the letter and put it in his breast.

"And what'll ye do yerself?" he asked, nodding toward the party of Queen's Rangers who seemed to be uneasy, for they were riding up and down behind the road fence, as if looking for an opening.

"I go back," said Everard, firmly. "I brought these poor fellows into danger, and I must take them out before I escape myself."

Tim smiled sarcastically.

"It's too late, lieutenant," he said. "Look yonder!"

Everard started, and beheld several horsemen, with glittering weapons, on the other side of his party, cutting off their retreat to the British forces. Without another word, he turned and galloped back to his men, bound in honor as he felt to share their perils and bring them out safe. Compelled as he had been by circumstances to act the part of a spy and traitor to the British, he could not yet bring himself to sacrifice the lives of honest soldiers, who fought under a conviction of duty.

He was greeted with some confusion by his men.

"The rebels have cut us off, captain," said one.

"They came when you were talking to that countryman," said another.

"We'll have to fight our way back, sir,"

Everard scanned the intercepting party through his telescope. They were about as numerous as his own men, and had halted across the road as if to bar retreat to the Queen's Rangers.

He looked round for Tim Murphy and the scout had disappeared. He must have gone off at a rapid pace. Judging from the quiet halt of the enemy Everard presumed that they must be awaiting reinforcements, and felt secure of their prey. They were not regular troops. He was sure of that from their lack of uniform. He recognized them at a glance for a troop of those infamous ruffians who vacillated from one side to the other, for purposes of plunder, called alternately "Cowboys" and "Skinners," according to the side under which they took service.

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were gathered in the lane, uncertain which way to go, "we must drive those fellows out of our road, back. I've found what we wanted to know, and that man was a secret agent of ours, with whom I was talking. Take down a panel of that fence."

Instantly one of the men was off his horse, and a panel of the loose snake fence was hurriedly thrown down, over the ruins of which the horses of the Queen's Rangers bounded into the field, and formed line.

The Skinners were in another field, on either side of the road, and there were several gaps in the fence, so that the way was clear between them.

"Draw pistols and charge!" cried Everard, and away went the little boy in a straight unwavering line, in admirable order, full speed on the enemy. The Skinners commenced firing from on horseback, as soon as the Rangers started, a sure sign of confusion with horsemen. The Rangers never fired a shot till they were close by, and then they sent a volley in and drew their sabers. The shock was momentary only. The undisciplined miscreants composing the Skinners fled at the first blow of the well-trained Rangers, and the way seemed open to Elizabethport, when the sound of a bugle was heard from a wood at the side of the road. It blew the charge!

The next minute, with a shock at his heart he never forgot, Everard recognized the uniform of his own old regiment, the Third Dragoons, as a whole squadron of them swept out full speed from the wood, and charged the unhappy Rangers full in flank.

There was no stopping those fellows. Everard knew them in a moment, and turned his horse to flee. The English rangiers saw the madness of resistance and turned also. In an instant the fortune of the day was changed, and Everard was a fugitive from his old comrades, galloping as fast as his horse would go. Luckily for him that horse was a splendid animal, capable of clearing any fence or ditch. His followers were not so well off. Everard knew that the first fence would see most of them taken prisoners.

He went straight for the field in which he had met Murphy, and the gallant horse cleared the high rail fence, far in advance of the heavy chargers of the dragoons. Everard pulled up and looked round. As he had anticipated, pistol-shots and sabers were exchanging on the other side of the first fence, and his poor followers were surrendering to his old comrades, right and left.

It was a strange feeling that animated his bosom as he looked, half regret, half pride, and then it was turned into anxiety for his own fate, for what should he do if he was taken prisoner now, but suffer the death of a deserter? He knew he had no mercy to expect from his old comrades, yet.

"I must flee," he said to himself, "till Washington has seen my letter. Then I shall have a chance."

The whistle of several bullets round his ears announced to him that some of his old friends, even if stopped by the fence, were disposed to try the range of their carbines on him. He made no more delay, but turned his horse and galloped away across another field, at the end of which a broad ditch formed the boundary. The horse cleared it with ease, and Everard found himself in an open wood, where the underbrush had been cleared away, and every thing gave signs that he was approaching a house. Presently he spied a broad green lane, leading in the direction of the river, and down this he galloped full speed, feeling confident that he had thrown out most of his pursuers by cutting off corners.

In a few minutes more the woodland road led him into some open glades, apparently artificial, and he saw at the end of one of these the well-kept beds and brilliant flowers of a garden, surrounding a large and handsome house.

There was no fence, and the young officer galloped across the garden, heedless of the destruction he committed, out upon a broad smooth lawn that lay behind it, and then pulled up suddenly, petrified with surprise and dismay. The lawn and house were at the very edge of the Palisades, and a sheer precipice of rock forbade all further progress. Frantically he wheeled his horse, and dashed along the edge of the cliffs, trying to think of a way to escape. He knew that if he rode up the river, he was riding toward the American encampments, and if down, numerous pursuers were after him. The first way there was a bare possibility of escape. The last there seemed none.

Setting his teeth, he galloped away up the river along the edge of the cliffs, to try the desperate chance of running the gantlet and swimming the river, if a boat was unprocurable.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TIM MURPHY'S HUNT.

A PARTY of young men, three in number, were lurking at the edge of a wood about three miles beyond the spot where Everard had been taken in ambush so cleverly. They were the half-wild, half-military dress, which, with their arms and the place where they were, sufficiently announced their occupation. They were the bandits of the Neutral Ground, whether Cowboys or Skinners it was difficult to tell, for they were accustomed to change sides about once a month for the sake of plunder.

All three were lurking close to the road, so as to command it, themselves unseen, and to be able to spring into it in a minute on any one.

"Look out, Brown," said one of them. "I hear a fellow coming at a gallop. Let's plug him, whoever he is."

"Maybe he's one of *our* side," returned Brown, with a leer. "You wouldn't plug a good Briton, would ye, Williams?"

"Jess as soon a Jolmy Bull, ef he had the rhino," said Williams, laughing coarsely. "Let's plug him, whoever he is. Hey, Paulding, ain't that so—hey, old boy?"

The one called Paulding was the best looking of the three. He made no reply but a signal for attention, as the gallop of a horse became plainly audible on the road. The next moment a horseman came tearing round the corner of the wood at full speed, and all three of the bandits sprung out and presented their muskets, shouting, "Halt!"

The stranger was none other than Tim Murphy, and the scout was not the man to be stopped with impunity. A pistol leaped from his holster the very instant the first bandit confronted him, and he shot the nearest man through the body and dashed on. But the second, with presented bayonet, was already in front of the horse, and the animal shied violently. The third man

clubbed his musket at the same moment, and dealt Tim a blow on the side of the head, with such force that the rifleman dropped senseless from his horse, and the second man seized the creature by the bridle. The man who had knocked down Double-Death sprang on him as he lay, and at once proceeded to rifle him of all his movables, with a dexterity that told of long practice.

The man called Paulding led the horse into the wood, and fastened it to a tree, when he returned to the place where Brown was rifling Tim Murphy's body. Williams lay in the road, bleeding profusely, and evidently almost dead.

"Say, Paulding," said Brown, ferociously, "let's kill the damned thief. He's shot Williams."

"Not while I'm here," said Paulding, firmly. "The man only defended his life, and he shan't be murdered."

"Murdered!" said the Skinner, sarcastically. "Who talks of murder? Ain't we soldiers of his majesty this afternoon? Let's kill the damned rebel."

"You may be a Tory," I'm not," said Paulding. "We've done enough to the poor fellow. Let's tie him to a tree and go. We've got a horse and money. You keep the money, and I'll keep the horse."

"See you in Tophet first," responded Brown, politely. "Didn't I knock the man down?"

"And didn't I catch his horse?" asked Paulding. "What are you talking of? I say you shan't murder that man in cold blood."

"And I say I'm a-goin' to finish him," said Brown, fiercely. "And here goes for his heart. Dead men tell no tales."

As he spoke he drew from his belt a long dirk-knife, and kneeling over the prostrate scout, was about to stab him, when Paulding ran forward and gave him a kick on the side of the head that sent him reeling to the earth several paces off. With a furious oath the bandit ran to pick up his still undischarged musket, when Paulding leveled his own, and called out:

"Don't ye try it, Dick Brown, or I'll plug ye, sure as fate."

His voice and manner showed that he was in grim earnest, and the bandit quailed for a moment. Then he said:

"Darn it all, Jack! Ye wouldn't shoot yer own cumrad, would ye now? I won't touch the feller, ef ye don't want me to."

Paulding was about to answer, when the same sound struck the ears of both at the same time. It was the gallop of a horse coming over the fields, on the other side of a belt of wood that here bordered the road on both sides.

"More plunder," said Brown, rubbing his hands. "Say, Jack, let's be friends. We two can't afford to quarrel."

"Get the bodies out of the way," said Paulding, hurriedly. "No—it's too late."

As he spoke the gallop of the horse sounded among the trees, and a mounted officer, in the uniform of the Queen's Rangers, burst in on the road, pistol in hand. The two bandits leveled their muskets and fired hastily at him, but without effect.

The next minute he had ridden over Paulding, knocking him down, and had shot Brown dead, the pistol being so close to his head as to singe the hair.

Before Paul

A LEERIC.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

John Bunioncorn, my Jo, John,
We've traveled long together,
Yet we have never been good friends
Especially in bad weather.
To tell the truth, you never did
Think much of me, ah, no, John;
But then you made me think of you
John Bunioncorn, my Jo, John.

John Bunioncorn, my Jo, John,
It always was your pleasure,
To give me pain, when at a ball
I'd try to dance a measure.
When some one got you underfoot,
It didn't kill you—no, John;
It made you ten times more alive—
John Bunioncorn, my Jo, John.

John Bunioncorn, my Jo, John,
You always made objections
Unto a neatly hating book, oh, John,
I went by your directions:
You were a master hard to please;
You told me to go slow, John;
And then you always had your way—
John Bunioncorn, my Jo, John.

John Bunioncorn, my Jo, John,
You liked smooth roads for walking,
And if we got on sidewalks rough,
You always went to talking.
And often you would make me dance
When I didn't want to, oh, John;
You made me take a lively step—
John Bunioncorn, my Jo, John.

John Bunioncorn, my Jo, John,
We've clomb life's hill together,
And many a lonely hour, oh, John,
We've had with one another;
And very much I fear that we
Together down shall go, John;
You'll never sleep upon the job—
John Bunioncorn, my Jo, John!

A Green Hand.

BY LAUNCE Poyntz.

II.

THE captain was very much shocked when he found that the poor fellow was seriously hurt. He turned round on Grubb, and gave him a severe blowing up about the brutality with which he had treated the crew all along.

"I've sailed my last voyage with you, Mr. Grubb," he concluded. "I always calculate to do my duty and make my men do theirs, but you're never satisfied unless you're abusing some one, and here you've gone and disabled as good and faithful a young fellow as ever I saw for a green hand. Go to your berth under arrest, sir. We'll be in port to-morrow night, and if you're on the ship twenty-four hours longer, I'll report you to the consul."

Grubb went off to his berth quietly enough. The last words of the captain seemed to frighten him, for many a brutal officer on the high seas, when he comes close to shore and the dominion of the law, becomes remarkably civil and obliging, dreading to be brought to account for the cruelties he practices with impunity on the open deep.

We had to carry poor Barlow forward and lay him in his bunk, and it was a long time before he came to. When he did he complained of a great pain in his side, and we found that the last kick of the mate's boot had broken two of his ribs besides hurting him in the stomach and bowels very seriously.

We were not much of doctors aboard, but we made him as comfortable as we could, and he had no more duty to do for that voyage, besides being free from the tyranny of the mate.

In spite of our apparently prosperous wind, however, it was four days more before we got into the Mersey, and Grubb was better than his word with the captain, for he left us in a shore boat before we got to the wharf. He was desperately afraid that Barlow would take the law of him when he got into Liverpool.

But poor Barlow was in no condition to do this. When we reached the wharf he was in a high fever, and we had to send for the doctor at once, as we had no surgeon aboard.

The crew all left the vessel very soon after getting their pay, and I supposed that Barlow would have been sent to the hospital, but the doctor said that as our forecastle was pretty clean and quite quiet he might as well stay there, especially as the steward was going to stay aboard as shipkeeper and promised to keep him in good food.

The owners were very much interested in the case, and did all they could to make him comfortable, especially when they heard his name, and learned from the captain how ill he had been treated.

The Barlows had several relations in the house, some in New York, some in Liverpool, but old Ezra Barlow, the head of the house, had retired from active business, and lived at a very handsome villa some miles back of Liverpool.

I often thought it funny that when Sam Barlow, the Liverpool partner, asked young William if he wasn't any relation of the Barlows of Rhode Island, the young fellow hesitated and evaded the question, without denying or affirming it explicitly.

But I soon had enough to do, amusing myself in Liverpool, to forget about poor sick William, till I had seen the sights.

Then I did remember the poor fellow, and thought to myself that I would take a walk to the ship and see him.

I found him still lying in his bunk, pretty weak, and very much tired of having nothing to do. He was able to sit up and walk about a little, and longed to be out in the air once more.

I cheered him up by giving him all the news I had, and finally got out a newspaper for him. It was the *Manchester Guardian*, I think.

"I can't read down here, Mr. Coffin," said poor Billy. "It's too dark to see a word. Won't you tell me what's in the paper?"

"Well," says I, "there's a mighty curious advertisement in it, which might concern you, or again it mightn't."

"What is it, sir?" he asked me, languidly turning his head away.

"Well," says I, "tell me first. Are you any relation to Jabez Barlow, a brother of old Ezra's, who left home thirty years ago to be a soldier?"

"Why do you ask?" says he, in a low voice.

"Because here," says I, "is an advertisement which concerns any of his kith and kin, but if you ain't one I won't read it."

"Please read it," Mr. Coffin, says he. "I am one."

Then I read out this advertisement from the paper.

"If any children or representatives remain alive of the late Jabez Barlow, who was killed on the Indian frontier of the United States while in the United States Dragoons, and who left his home in Providence in the year 1830, and if they will call upon Mr. James Roberts, 38 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, they will

hear of something to their advantage. Liverpool office at Mr. Ezra Barlow's, 117 Queen street, between the hours of 9 and 11 A. M."

When I had finished reading, there was William Barlow started up in his bunk, with his hands uplifted, looking petrified with amazement.

"Read it again, please, Coffin," was all he could say.

I read it over a second time, he remaining in the same attitude of surprise as before.

When I had finished, he sunk back in the berth, and said:

"Thank God!

"I am the only son of Jabez Barlow," he said to me, presently; "and I came over here, at the request of my dead mother, to see my uncle Ezra. But I had heard so much of his harsh and unforgiving nature from both my dead parents that I dreaded to go near him more, the nearer I got. I sent him a letter the day I got into port, only telling him that I was alive, but not where I was; and this is the answer to it. It shows that he has forgiven my father at last for what he called 'disgracing the family' and going for a soldier. I must go and see him to-morrow morning."

"But you're not strong enough to walk there, my lad," I remarked.

"I shall be to-morrow, Mr. Coffin," he said. "You don't know what a medicine

hope is. I worked my passage over here, and suffered so much on the voyage, that it made me miserable to think of the same life forever. But now I can probably keep at sea under a better state of things, and who knows, you and I may sail together again yet; for I love the sea, and you're the only man who has been kind to me, Coffin."

Well, boys, to make a long story short, we went to old Ezra Barlow's together, the very next day, and it turned out as he expected. The old gentleman had been very angry with his brother for many years, but as he was getting to be very old and lonely, his nephew's letter had touched a soft place in his heart.

He received him very kindly, and at once acceded to his wish to let him learn seamanship, till he could command a vessel of his own.

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the red, and the Indian of mixed blood is no criterion by which to judge the race.

The Indian of Reality comes far short of the perfection of the Indian of Romance, yet very many of them, while being the most unrelenting of enemies, are at the same time the most steadfast of friends.

Many of my readers will undoubtedly wonder how a man who had been reared in a civilized community, in one of the most rigid and aristocratic families in the State, could ever participate in such scenes of carnage and bloodshed as I did while among the Indians.

Had I remained with them until this time, I should doubtless have experienced the natural ferocity of the Indians themselves.

I have seen the path of the trapper dyed with his own blood, drawn from his heart by an ambushed Indian who never knew mercy, but remorselessly butchered all who came in his way. But such is Indian nature. I learned this one truth while I was among the Indians: a white man can easily become an Indian, but it is one of the possibilities to make a white man of an Indian.

Some of the most cruel savages I ever saw in my life were white men, who had run away from the States to escape hanging, or the State Prison, and had joined some Indian tribe to prey upon and murder those of their own race who were so unfortunate as to fall into their hands. I could give the names, and relate the fiendish outrages of many of them, but it would do no good, and the devil is sure of them whenever he wants them.

When I fought with the Sioux or Blackfeet, it was in their behalf against the most relentless enemies of the whites. If I preferred to become an Indian while living among them, it was no one's business but my own, and it is a source of gratification to me to know that while with them I saved more lives and property for white men than a hundred soldiers could have done in the same time.

At one time I was employed as a scout by the commandant at Fort Owen, and while in the government service I met with one of those incidents so rare in the

life of the scout and hunter, illustrating the fact that some of them seem to bear a charmed life. There are some whom the Indians have come to regard with a feeling of superstition; who, they think, are under the especial protection of the Great Spirit.

In one of my excursions about the fort, I came upon the fresh track of a grizzly bear, and as it was early in the day I resolved to have a little sport. I had never killed one of these monsters, alone, so I took the track and put after the bear. Following it up, in about an hour I came to a heavily-wooded hill, up which the trail led. The top of the hill was covered with enormous piles of rock—great boulders of granite—and it was among these rocks that I expected to find the game.

I started to make the tour of the hill, to see if I could discover any tracks leading down, and when I had made about half the circuit, and was turning the corner of a large rock, I was confronted by the grizzly himself, who appeared to be offended at having his nap disturbed. I was not more than ten feet from him, and as he rose to his hind feet I gave him a shot in the breast, but in my haste I did not take very accurate aim, and the ball, instead of finding his heart, glanced off, inflicting a severe wound. This only served to enrage him, and I hastened to put a greater distance between us, and started on a run down the hill.

In going straight or diagonally down, I could outrun the bear, but I knew that if I ran up the hill, I was a "goner," for the long hind legs of the bear gave him a great advantage over me; while I kept running around the hill, feeling the hot breath of grizzly in my face every time I stopped to shoot. I knew that unless I disabled him before we reached the level ground, my chances of escape were slim, and that the government would be a scout "out."

My gun was a breech-loading rifle, and it required but a short time to get a ball into its place, and as I would turn, the bear would rise upon his feet just in time to receive a ball into his huge carcass. I shot him seven times; the last ball, fortunately for me, entered his eye, and piercing his brain, ended the fight.

I had about come to the conclusion that he was bullet-proof, and had I failed with my last shot to bring him down, I had made up my mind to drop my gun and go for him with my knife. But I was saved the experiment, and, nearly exhausted, I sat down upon the bleeding carcass to rest.

It is not going beyond the bounds of truth to assert that the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains is as formidable an enemy as the hunter is called upon to meet, wherever the hunting-ground, or whatever the animal may be.

When caught out on the open prairie, where he can be attacked on horseback and lassoed, the chances are against the bear;

but in a broken country, woe to his assailants, unless life is saved by some trick, a lucky shot, or some unlooked-for expedient. These bears weigh from six to fifteen hundred pounds, and their fore paws, which they can manage with the dexterity of a trained boxer, often measure fourteen inches across.

The courage, skill and sagacity invariably shown by a grizzly bear when fighting, is not equaled by any other animal on the face of the globe, not excepting even the African lion.

Of the Indians, who live mostly by hunting, nine out of ten would, single-handed and alone, put to flight a dozen of the cowardly Africans who generally hunt the lion in his native wilds; and among the braves of any tribe, he is the bravest, who, alone, will attack and kill a grizzly bear. If he succeeds, which is rarely the case, his fortune is made in the tribe for all time. The reputation of performing so great a deed will follow him to his grave, and will form one of the chief features in the tradition which is handed down from father to son, through all succeeding generations.

When Lola Montez resided in California, she kept a grizzly bear as a pet about the house; but then Lola was a singular woman, and it is not to be wondered at that she should take to singular pets.

I had rested but a few minutes upon the carcass of the bear, when, hearing a noise behind, I turned my head and saw six Indians, each with an arrow fitted to his bow-string, who had undoubtedly witnessed my fight with the bear, and who were thinking no doubt that they were about to become the possessors of the bear, as well as a prisoner; for they all made a rush for me.

By a lucky shot I brought down the foremost Indian, badly wounding the one behind him, who made more noise than a dozen men should. I then turned to run, thinking I could distance them and pick them off one at a time. The four immediately let fly their arrows, every one of which passed through my clothing, but only grazed the skin. I turned, and firing, brought down another. Half of them were disposed of, and I began to think I was bagging an uncommon amount of

game for one day; and had barely reached a tree, when three more arrows came whizzing past.

Before they could conceal themselves, I got another shot at one, which, though it did not kill him, broke his arm; so I counted him out of the play, and waited for the others to make their appearance. I could see where they were concealed, but could not succeed in drawing their shots, or getting them to expose their persons. At last, tired of waiting, I stepped from behind the tree, thus offering them a fair shot at me, which opportunity they did not neglect, and both started up and shot at the same time. Both arrows came uncomfortably close to me, and I discharged my gun at the place where I had last seen an Indian. The result was as I had anticipated; they both sprung out, and drawing their tomahawks, came at me with a yell.

They had not seen me reload my gun, and supposing it was empty, they appeared confident of scoring me. They did not stop when I raised my gun, but came on with a yell, when I pulled the trigger and one of them sprang into the air, his death-song frozen on his lips. The remaining one stood for